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Insight

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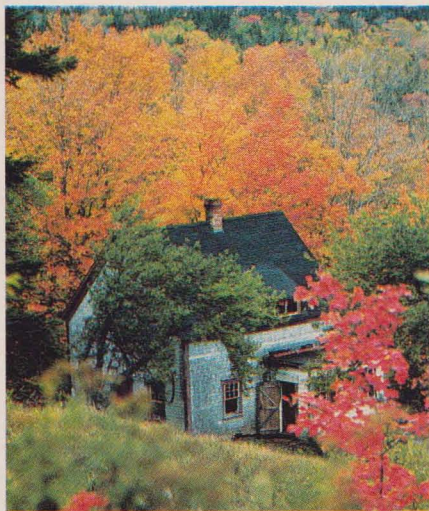
October 1979, Vol. 1 No. 7



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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK CUSANO



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Publisher's Letter

Tourism and the Energy Crisis

Come to the conference. It's an Atlantic Insight first

From November 4 to 7, *Atlantic Insight* will host its first Options '80s Conference. The subject is "Tourism and the Energy Crisis," a matter of special significance to Atlantic Canada. Tourism is a major employer in the Atlantic provinces and, as an industry, it's peculiarly vulnerable to the effects of gasoline shortages and rising energy prices. It's a tribute to Atlantic Canada that speakers and delegates from across Canada and the United States are coming to Halifax to take part in the conference.

Speakers include Bryce Mackasey, chairman of Air Canada; Ralph Nader, North America's most powerful consumer advocate; Dr. Livia Thur, associate vice-chairman of Canada's National Energy Board; John C. Whitaker, former under-secretary of the Interior, responsible for energy in the United States; Jim McNiven, Atlantic Provinces Economic Council; the presidents of Hertz, Avis, Budget, Cunard Lines and Volkswagen Canada; the presidents of Delta Hotels and Wandlyn Hotels; Jack Austin, former deputy minister of Energy,

Mines and Resources Canada; Arthur Frommer, president of Arthur Frommer International of New York, a major international travel wholesaler; Jerry Goodis, Canadian advertising guru; John Godfrey, president of King's College, economist and energy critic; Rupert Tingley, president of CN Marine and Frank Roberts, president of VIA Rail.

They will discuss the energy crisis in terms of its direct impact on the tourist market, transportation and the economy. They'll consider energy supplies, fuel costs and possible government energy policies in the coming decade. They'll talk about alternate fuels, new car technology, rail and air transportation. They'll examine the psychological impact on the tourist market of high fuel prices, gasoline shortages and fuel rationing. Will energy problems destroy the tourist industry or will they open up new markets and new opportunities? *Atlantic Insight* hopes discussion of such questions will lead to a fresh understanding of the challenges the energy situation poses for tourism.

The conference will be of chief



interest to the tourist and transportation industries, but it's open to everyone who registers. Registration fee is \$290 per delegate. *Atlantic Insight* is holding hotel rooms on a first-come, first-served basis until October 15.

W.E. Belliveau

W.E. Belliveau, Publisher

Inside Insight: A gentle Mowat

When photographer Jack Cusano got to St. Peters, he went straight up to a Mountie and said, "How do I find Farley Mowat?" The Mountie knew. All the Mounties in that corner of Cape Breton know Mowat's place at River Bourgeois. Earlier in the summer they'd swarmed all around the 150-acre tract that Mowat calls "my little wildlife preserve." That was because Governor-General Ed Schreyer had been a house-guest of Mowat's and, wherever Schreyer goes, the Mounties are sure to follow. Schreyer, of course, was not Mowat's only fair-weather friend. People kept dropping in on Farley and Claire Mowat all summer, right at dinnertime. Mowat, at 58, has begun to treasure privacy the way a miser treasures gold, and therefore he was not overjoyed when Cusano phoned to say he was coming over, right at dinnertime.

Cusano had a bottle of Lemon Hart with him, but Farley drank his own rum. One drink. "I found him just a bit in-

timidating," Cusano says. "I think he might have been putting me down." Or testing a stranger, as Mowat sometimes does. They talked about war for a while, and Mowat suggested Cusano's lack of powerful conviction about the one in Vietnam stemmed from the photographer's having come from a conservative family. Quite so, Cusano concedes. Anyway, sharp at 10:15, Mowat said, "Well, good-bye. I'm going to bed." Cusano had still not taken any pictures.

He showed up the next morning, and found an entirely different Farley Mowat. This one was friendly, garrulous, confiding, without a trace of testiness. It was as though Cusano had passed some unknown test. Mowat spoke angrily only about the government bounty that encourages men to kill grey seals. He used to watch hundreds of them with his binoculars. You could paddle a canoe among them. Now, they're gone.

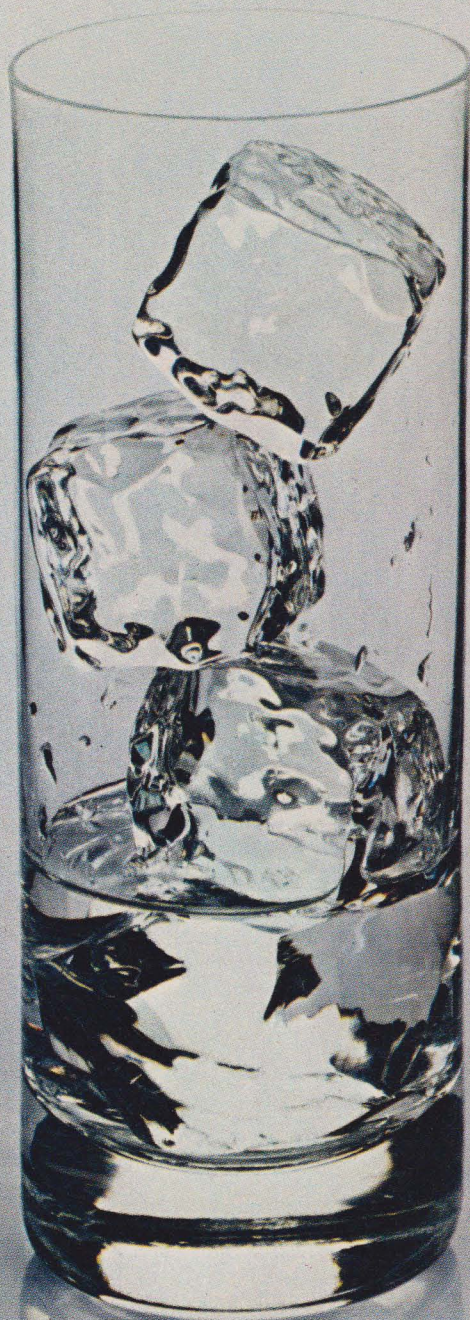
The Mowat house is solid, unpretentious, with two stories. It con-

fronts the sea. It was at the table in the huge country kitchen that Cusano got the portrait on our cover. He and Mowat wandered around the property, and down to the water's edge. Mowat romped with his three beautiful dogs. "He treats them just like children," Cusano says.

One thing Mowat would not do: Clown for the camera. The man who is more famous than all other Canadian authors for his outrageous, sometimes bare-assed, publicity-grabbing antics would not make a single hammy gesture. In the end, he struck Cusano as a quiet, thoughtful, complicated, middle-aged gentleman who has found that, in Cape Breton, he is finally at home. Cusano's photographs suggest that, too, and they complement Silver Donald Cameron's story (page 28). We think Cameron's piece is the most sensitive article about Farley Mowat that anyone has ever written.

—The Editors

Sip Bacardi before you mix it.

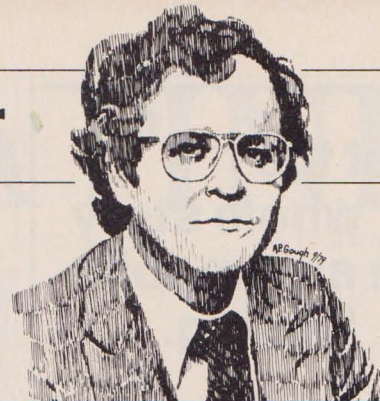


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Editor's Letter

In the '70s, the big issue was energy, energy, energy



The Seventies began with politicians promising Fundy Tidal Power, and they're ending with politicians still promising Fundy Tidal Power. Remember FTP? It was the secret ingredient that would enable Maritimers to live happily (cheaply) ever after. If you were so naive as to believe Gerald A. Regan, then premier of Nova Scotia, you knew FTP would be "on stream" by 1980. Ah well. How about 1990? The Seventies also began with the *Arrow* spilling oil, and they're ending with the *Kurdistan* having spilled oil. Pollution stories, sure, but they were also energy stories, and that's the point. Oil spills and power promises neatly bracket a decade in which, throughout Atlantic Canada, the issue that loomed over all others was energy.

After the separatists' victory in Quebec it looked as though *the* issue of the Seventies, for all Canadians, would be the survival of their country, and maybe that's what should concern us Atlantic Canadians most. But it doesn't. Our indifference to Quebec's future may stem from apathy, antipathy, or just a blind refusal to believe Quebecers will actually vote to get themselves out of Canada. But whatever the reason, a referendum in Quebec next spring somehow seems less tangible, less real, even less threatening than the oil and

electricity bills the postman shoves at us right now.

The energy issue, more than any other, forced the Atlantic provinces into postures of their own and, in that sense, actually defined the character of each. Newfoundland and Labrador, for instance, owes its sudden cockiness almost entirely to the mighty potential of Gull Island hydro and the promise of offshore oil. These explain why it won't cosy up to the Maritimes; why it wants to fight by itself, for itself; why it can talk tough to everyone from the feds, to Quebec City, to multinational oil companies. (For a more sardonic view of the energy policies of Newfoundland and Labrador, see Ray Guy, page 96.)

And P.E.I. If it hasn't yet become a Mecca for solar-heat missionaries and windmill-worshippers, it's not for lack of talk. Moreover, practical and fascinating alternate-energy experiments are indeed under way on the Island (and, in an upcoming issue, we'll describe them). It was the energy crisis that made the Island decide that since it was small, and since small was beautiful, it should make itself known as a place in which people would design small, beautiful energy systems.

It was the same crisis that inspired New Brunswick to "go nuclear" and thus to plunge itself (and other

Maritimers downwind of Point Lepreau) into what some see as the most painful controversy of our time. Energy problems put Nova Scotia through a whole series of contortions, changes-of-heart, about-faces, low moods and high hopes. They also defeated a premier, Regan. The Seventies started not only with dreams of tidal power but also with extravagant expectations about offshore oil. Both visions faded. Oil prices shot up. Coal, once seen as filthy and inefficient, threatened to become a glamor fuel. The Power Corporation built an expensive and, to some, environmentally offensive hydro plant at Wreck Cove, Cape Breton. And so on. As the Seventies end, Nova Scotia is hearing once more about tidal power and offshore promise. As the Eighties begin, all of Atlantic Canada can look forward to 10 more years of public and private worrying about the cost of heat and electricity.

Atlantic Insight jumped from 64 pages to 80 pages in September. This issue is our first 96-pager. Tomorrow, the world.

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Letters

The Camp Hill plan

I would like to offer some correction on *How the Camp Hill Hospital Plan Grew and Grew* (August). You state that estimates of the cost of the new hospital run as high as \$800 million. It would be more likely in the vicinity of \$80 million. Dr. J.E.H. Harris is a misprint; his name is J.E. Harris Miller. I am not aware of any hospital personnel who worry about increased operational costs if the complex goes ahead. Your figures regarding beds are in error. There has been no suggestion that the Infirmary, Grace, Civic and Camp Hill would be fitted into a 500-bed structure. There is no evidence that the single general facility would create one of the country's most expensive hospitals to operate. You suggest the renovations to the Infirmary kitchen and cafeteria cost \$3.2 million and your figure is exaggerated by at least \$1 million. There is no question that the Civic Hospital experiences a low per-diem rate, but they do not provide extensive facilities required by modern hospitals, which contribute to their cost of operation.

R.K. McGeorge
 Executive Director
 Halifax Infirmary, Halifax, N.S.

Ed: The use of \$800 million for \$80 million and the dropping of Dr. Miller's last name were typographical errors, which we regret. On the other points, reporter Lembi Buchanan states that she stands by her original statements, on the basis of information available at the time of writing.

Real good eats

"La Fine Grobe" Means Great Eats (August) was superb. This has been a real find on the north shore of New Brunswick. Each summer my family and friends have enjoyed every aspect of the crafts, pottery and exquisite cuisine. To me, it rates as one of the finest in North America.

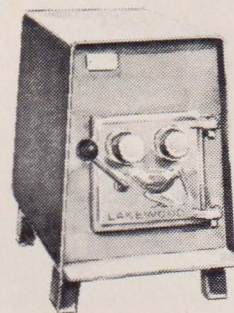
Kathleen Hayes
 Montreal, Que.

The real Chester

I must express my disappointment on your recent article *Chester* (August) by Jennifer Henderson. Miss Henderson obviously travelled in the "right" circles and entirely escaped the real feel of the place. The best of Chester is not on that same cocktail circuit but in the homes and businesses of the generous and hospitable natives who dislike being given that condescending "local" trademark.

Barbara Zwicker
 Chester Basin, N.S.

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Shock's no answer

Your article *Turning Kids off Crime: Shock Therapy in the Pen* (August) takes the opposite position to *Psychology Today's* commentary on the same questionable scheme. During sessions of the Canadian Congress on Prevention of Crime, held recently in Halifax, this "shock therapy" was frequently mentioned by various participants and, thank goodness, all expressed clear rejection of the idea, which flies in the face of all progressive thinking on human development and anti-social behavior.

Judy Pelletier
Dartmouth, N.S.

Hurray for Hogtown

Your August article *Covering the Hogtown Waterfront* took an impressive and straightforward view of Toronto's waterfront. Having experienced nearly every one of the places mentioned, I found the article extremely truthful and would consider it valuable information to travellers coming to the waterfront for the first time.

Linda Tremblay
New Brunswick

Rescuing Eastport

Re Bogdan Kipling's article, *Eastport Refinery: If Lobster Can't Stop It, Can Bald Eagles?* (August)...with all the problems Pittston has encountered with the Eastport proposal, why haven't they considered purchasing the Comeby-Chance oil refinery? Common sense says it's cheaper to refurbish an existing refinery than to build a new one.

P.J. Evans
St. John's, Nfld.

They built Chignecto

Your article on the Chignecto Canal (*Let's Hear It for the Chignecto Canal*, August) was a timely piece of reporting in keeping with the high standards which we have come to expect from *Atlantic Insight*. But how could you have omitted the most telling argument of all: The fact that such a canal was actually built on a small scale by students of Mount Allison University in 1961? They opened up a passage from the Tantramar River to the Baie Verte River and two students made the trip by rubber dinghy. Each had a family relationship with one of the Fathers of Confederation. Surely this was a noteworthy piece of Maritime enterprise.

John G. Reid
Sackville, N.B.

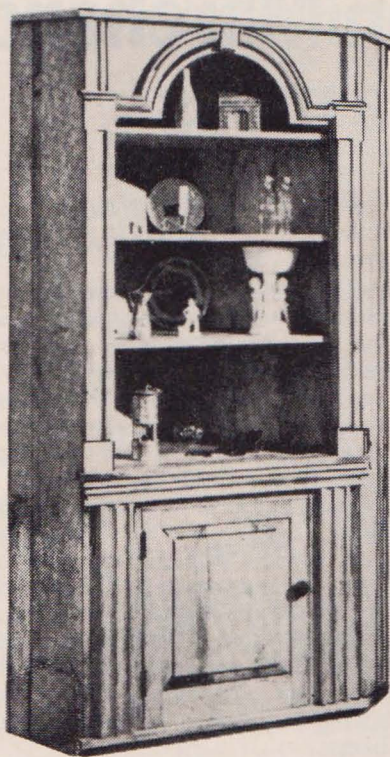
Doctor's diagnosis

As one of those 20 Canadian-trained physicians who left Nova Scotia in 1978 I especially enjoyed *Medicare Blues* (June). We just hunger for Canadian news, especially Atlantic news and your magazine fills the void.

Peter L. Stevenson
Evansville, Indiana

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The Region

Transportation: Marchand was right. It's a mess

Everything you ever wanted to know about Atlantic Canada's stickiest issue

By Ralph Surette

There's a situation that occurs in TV comedies. Two lovers are bickering over trifles. Then one says: "We're not really arguing about what we're arguing about, are we?"

That describes another great non-love story and sometime comedy, transportation in Atlantic Canada. When some sinister cabal of central Canadians jacks up freight rates or amends the Canada Shipping Act and Atlantic headlines break out like April grassfires, the skirmish is usually about something else. It's about old grudges, the region's lot in Confederation, the failure of regional development. It's about insult and injury to our most persistent cult—the one that unites boards of trade, municipal councils and some provincial politicians and labor figures around the central dogma that lousy transportation is responsible for *all* our economic ills.

Past studies and sheer common sense should lay this notion to rest. Transportation is only one of a dozen causes of our pains. But crossing the cult is political dynamite. Especially dangerous is saying

anything nice about its chief demon, Otto Lang, former Transport minister and author of the unspeakable "user pay" policy.

"Otto Lang did some good things—but don't ever tell anyone I said it," says a transportation expert in Halifax, lowering his voice as if in fear of hit men. "Well, Otto Lang was just trying to recover some of his costs. Wouldn't you?" says another in Moncton. "Don't quote me, eh?" This, after poor Otto is out of politics altogether!

Transportation in Atlantic Canada gets endowed with mythical powers. If only Ottawa would establish a Parrsboro-Annapolis Valley hovercraft, a P.E.I. causeway, a tunnel under the Strait of Belle Isle, a Chignecto Canal,

sprinkle deep sea ports here and there. But even without them, federal transport subsidies to the area could reach the \$300-million mark this year.

The public, which knows nothing at all of the mysteries of transportation, has a better instinct for its true proportions. They suspect that when the Atlantic retailer blames transportation for higher prices, he's lying. Several food-price studies seem to bear this out. Food costs more here (especially in Newfoundland) than in central Canada as much because of lack of competition among food stores, lack of local production, poor distribution systems and holding facilities as because of freight charges.

Getting a grip on the armload of eels called transportation is a slippery business. The exercise could begin in Ottawa where Transport Canada's bureaucracy towers above all else. Here policy groups emit endless documents, not in the hope of solving any problems so much as in the hope of one-upping the policy group down the hallway. The net effect is that Transport Canada (alias DoT, MoT) "cannibalizes its own policy," as one wag put it.

Inglorious as transport policy has been, a kind of new low-water mark was achieved in 1973 when then Transport Minister Jean Marchand lapsed into candor and admitted the whole thing was "a mess." His answer was to produce a pile of script a foot thick called a new transport policy. The key, as far as the Atlantic provinces (and the west) were concerned, was that transportation would be recognized as a tool of regional development.

This, in case you missed it, is what we wanted to hear. When the Intercolonial Railway was finished in 1873, it was supposed to act as compensation to the east for the ill effects of Confederation, notably higher tariffs. It didn't, and in the 1920s the fight was on again. Wartime inflation had brought staggering freight rate increases at the same time the area continued to de-industrialize. The Maritime Rights movement prepared to do battle for subsidized freight rates. Finally, in 1927, sweet victory: The federal government passed the Maritime Freight Rates Act (MFRA), subsidizing freight movements west-bound up to Levis, Que., and within the region by 20% (Newfoundland became eligible when it joined Confederation in 1949). The Spirit of '27 lives on today in mythological form, a remnant of the days when all questions of economics and the constitution resolved themselves into the matter of freight rates. The boards of trade and their allies were in their glory. They had fought and won.

Yet the Atlantic region still failed to prosper. Some—notably the late Howard Darling, a prominent transportation consultant—argued that freight subsidies were an emotional crutch that kept the Atlantic region from examining its deeper problems. Every time you upped the subsidy you upped the dependency. A resident of Ottawa, Darling was not appreciated in east-coast circles.

When Jean Marchand tried to apply his policy, a familiar thing happened: A cabinet shuffle. The redoubtable Otto Lang was in. Alarmed by the rise in subsidy costs nationwide, Lang invoked "user-pay"—transport services should recover their costs as much as possible. The fight was on again. There were battles over grain subsidies, port policy, coastal shipping, ferry rates, passenger train cutbacks and highway funding as well as over specific projects like a \$15-million "synchrolift" for repairing ships at St. John's (given the go-ahead after the Tories took office) and a second container pier at Halifax (finally okayed by Lang himself, after a five-year



CP/CANADIAN PRESS

Lang tried "user pay"



Atlantic rail passenger subsidies cost \$39 million

quarrel).

And who won the war? We did—after a fashion. Lang got some passenger services cut back, ferry rates went up and he limited Atlantic highways subsidies to \$100 million over three years. But he had to put Marchand's "transportation as regional development" language back into his policy to pacify the Atlantic region. The rest remained where, deep down, we really want it: In the status quo.

The federal Tories had opposed virtually all of Lang's initiatives. But what will they do now? Bob Howie, minister of state for transportation and right-hand man to Transport Minister Don Mazankowski, is generally responsible for the Atlantic area. He says he'll push immediately to upgrade rail service and the ports of Halifax and Saint John. Of course, the port of Montreal will howl, just as Halifax and Saint John howl when a penny is invested in Montreal.

In fact, the Tories could be sitting on the brink of a new era in transportation. Rising fuel prices will make trains and ships more economic, especially on long hauls, than trucks and planes which have been skimming off the higher-paying loads for 40 years. Coastal shipping (containerized this time) is coming back. No one knows for sure what the energy crisis will do to transportation in the Atlantic region, but the experts expect changes in favor of ship and rail. Some issues remain perpetually controversial. Others seem settled—temporarily—while still others remain in limbo. Here's a breakdown of where we stand:

Subsidies. The MFRA subsidy of 20% is still in force (an estimated \$1 billion has been paid out since 1927), although it has been reduced to 15% for freight movements within the region. In 1969 trucks and trains became eligible and a 30% subsidy was added for highly manufactured westbound goods. All that cost \$52 million last year. But the subsidies have been renegotiated to be "selective" rather than cover everything. The Atlantic Provinces Transportation Commission, funded by the four governments, is negotiating with Ottawa and the railways. A little-known outfit, they've been highly effective in pressuring the railways to revise rates for specific industries.

The rail passenger subsidy to the region last year amounted to \$39 million. A subsidy on eastbound export flour and grain is still in force and worth possibly \$20 million this year. There's also a smaller subsidy on eastbound grain used by area farmers. The biggest subsidy bite is taken by the ferries and Newfoundland coastal service. There are no up-to-date figures, but the ferries could lose \$150 million this year—or half of all subsidy spending. The Nfld.-

Coming to Moncton! Come into something good under the Orange Roof

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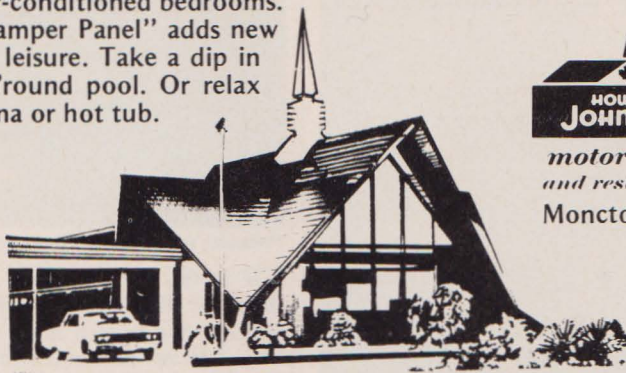
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The Region



Pressures for merchant marine are constant. Can Canada do without one?

N.S. ferries will account for about two-thirds of that loss. There's a subsidy for uneconomic branch lines—about \$5 million—but no inbound subsidies, except on grain. It's a common misconception that consumer goods from central Canada are subsidized.

Branch Line Abandonment. The railways want to shut down lines running to Bonavista and Argentia, Nfld.; Inverness, Yarmouth (from Liverpool) and Musquodoboit, N.S.; and Montague (from Mt. Stewart) and Murray Harbour, P.E.I. Hearings are pending before the Canadian Transport Commission. Lines to St. Peter's, N.S., St. Stephen (from Point Lepreau), N.B., and the "Stanley Spur" outside Fredericton have already gone. Half the rail mileage in the region is in branch lines so there's plenty of room for controversy yet. Under the National Transportation Act of 1967 the railways are eligible for a federal subsidy up to 100% on losing lines. A Canadian Transport Commission spokesman says, "We're not sure whether they really want to abandon these lines or whether they just want their subsidy."

The Narrow Gauge. Last year the federal-provincial Sullivan Commission proposed shutting down completely Newfoundland's main rail line—809 miles from St. John's to Port aux Basques. The province roared a resounding No, and Ottawa seemed to concur. Mounting losses of freight and revenue, however, ensure that it will remain an issue—unless fuel prices rise enough to impair the economics of trucking. The legendary passenger line, the "Newfie Bullet," was replaced by buses in 1967. The problem is at least partly due to the narrow gauge of the rail line plus the

sharp hills and curves that impair speed. Straightening it out would cost hundreds of millions of dollars.

Passenger Service. VIA Rail wants to shut down passenger service on the Dominion Atlantic Railway between Yarmouth and Halifax through the Annapolis Valley. Meanwhile the Canadian Transport Commission has decided that starting Oct. 28, the three daily Montreal-Maritimes trains will be reduced to two. The Ocean will follow CN tracks around the Campbellton-Bathurst route. The other, to be called the Atlantic, will follow CP tracks through the U.S. to Saint John, Moncton and Halifax.

Merchant Marine. Pressures for it are constant. Canada is one of the few industrial countries without one. Most interested parties in the region support it, especially marine workers' unions and shipbuilders for whom its benefits would be obvious. Provincial governments used to be wary, fearing higher shipping charges for industry, but most support it now. Recently Gary Blaikie, head of the Halifax-Dartmouth Port Commission, raised another issue: "I'm speaking parochially," he says, "but we [the port of Halifax] have prospered under the existing system." He fears restricting the large container ships—Halifax's and Saint John's forte—in favor of smaller Canadian ones would divert traffic to Montreal. Large ships want fast turnarounds to Europe. In a policy statement last winter, the federal government said the current system is serving well enough, although Canada spends anywhere up to \$2 billion a year for foreign shipping services.

The Container Ports. At last count Halifax was the 30th largest container port in the world and Saint John, 52nd.

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Saint John's growth has levelled off in the past couple of years, but Halifax's continues, with another 30% growth rate in the first five months of this year.

The container business is marked by inter-port paranoia among Halifax, Saint John and Montreal. But with fast growth and a second container pier on the way, Halifax seems to have got over its insecurities and joined a higher league of paranoids. Recently an American transportation analyst charged that Halifax is growing at the expense of New York and Baltimore. "At the port of New York they don't talk about anything else but how much cargo is being diverted by Halifax," he said.

A new Halifax-Caribbean coastal feeder line just started. There are two from Halifax to St. John's and one from Montreal to St. John's. Container services are generating local trade. Twenty percent of the traffic of the three lines originates in the region—mostly agricultural, fishery and forestry products plus some manufactures. Possible dark clouds for the ports: Bigger ships that would travel the Rotterdam-New York route with feeders elsewhere. Smaller ships that would go to Montreal. And one continual irritant: The North Atlantic Conference—a shipping cartel exempted by law from Canadian anti-combines legislation—refuses to change its rates which are the same Europe-Montreal as Europe-Maritimes, although the Maritimes are 800 miles closer.

Port Policy. A couple of years ago the federal government produced a policy to decentralize ports administration. Its aim was to give more authority to the municipalities and provinces. But the latter balked when they found out this also meant picking up more of the tab for operating deficits. In limbo.

Canada Shipping Act. Otto Lang amended it to restrict coastal shipping to Canadian ships, but not before Atlantic pressure forced him to make exemptions for some industries that depend on Commonwealth vessels for low rates in moving bulk material, notably Sydney Steel's ore supply from Labrador.

Air Policy. There are changes in the wind. Ottawa will finally allow competition for Air Canada into Halifax. CP Air and EPA both want it. Atlantic businessmen are divided. EPA is the local favorite, but others say CP's connections from Montreal and Toronto to western points would make it a better service. Air freight accounts for only 4% of business. But air express is vital for some industries. A spokesman for P.E.I.'s Industrial Enterprises Incorporated (the provincial business development agency) complained recently that lousy Air Canada service was causing problems for some of its "small business mall" clients who require parts from Britain. ☒

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A successful investor talks



Mr. Roger Dowker, Banker, St. Catharines, Ontario

The adage that "next to buying a house, an automobile is your most important purchase" has never been more true.

Today, the cost of gas, upkeep, and outlay for a car in the first place, means your automobile must be considered a major investment. An investment considered at length before you make it. So, consider a Volkswagen Rabbit and do so with the aid of a gentleman who knows about financial matters. Mr. Roger Dowker, banker, and VW Rabbit owner since February, 1976.

VW: Mr. Dowker, has your VW Rabbit proved to be a good investment?
 Dowker: *If an automobile is considered to be an investment, the Rabbit has got to be one of the better ones. I've had mine for over three years and over*

36,000 miles. There's not a spot of rust on it and the metal is as sturdy as the day I bought it. If it's as good at the end of the next three years, I'm going to be a most happy man. I'm also favourably impressed with the engineering of the Rabbit.

Mr. Dowker knows what he's talking about. There's front wheel drive for remarkable traction, rack and pinion steering so you feel the road, and a four wheel independent suspension system to soften the bumps. There's a dual-diagonal braking system, negative steering roll radius to help bring the Rabbit to a straight line stop in case of skids, and a long list of other technical innovations.

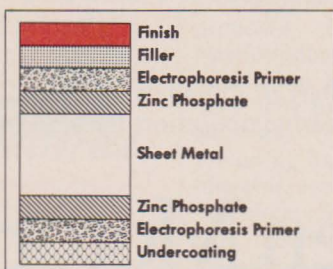
VW: Mr. Dowker, since gas prices will continue to rise, how will this affect the return on your investment?

Dowker: *From a banker's point of view, the return on investment is affected by what you have to spend to maintain that investment. My Rabbit gets about 32 to 35 miles-to-the-gallon compared to the 12 to 18 miles-to-the-gallon I was getting with the Buick I used to drive.*

The 1979 Rabbit's fuel injected, 1.5 litre engine is indeed economical. And, it runs on regular gasoline. Transport Canada's comparative fuel consumption rating for the Rabbit is 7.5 litres/100 kilometres.* The Rabbit Diesel is the most fuel efficient car in Canada. An amazing 5.1 litres/100 kilometres.*

VW: While you seem comfortable with the economics, Mr. Dowker, is the Rabbit itself comfortable?

Dowker: *Well, I'm 6' tall and weigh 230 pounds. I find it most comfortable. Also, we're a family of four. And all of us fit into the Rabbit easily.*



Rabbit's finish has a bright future.

ks about Rabbit futures.

Breathing space is but one comfort the Rabbit extends to its occupants. Anatomically designed seats are another. They support the lower back



An ever-changing sign of the times.

during long trips and the front bucket seats are fully reclining should you want to stretch out during the journey. On the floor of the Rabbit, you won't find a space stealing "hump". What

you will find is deep pile carpeting neatly fitted and finished like every other aspect of the Rabbit's interior.

VW: Mr. Dowker, what about cargo space?
Dowker: Being a banker, we get transferred from time to time. I was transferred 2 years ago. And, there are always those things you want to move before you actually move. Vacuum cleaner, plants, paint etc. All I did was tip the back seat down, and the Rabbit was like having a small station wagon.

Mr. Dowker's statement is fact, not an exaggeration. Regular cargo space

in the Rabbit is a spacious 370 litres. That's over 13 cubic feet. With the rear seat folded down, there's more cargo space than in most large cars.

VW: What is one of the most appealing features of the VW Rabbit?

Dowker: The pure fun of driving it. As a banker and investor, I live a reasonably conservative life. But, I become a changed man when I get into my Rabbit and put my foot down.

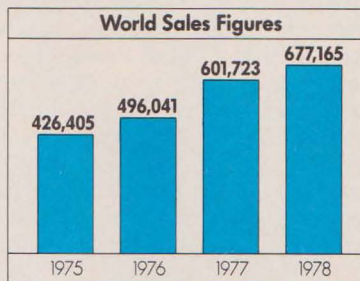
The fact a Rabbit zips from 0 to 80 km/h in just 8.5 seconds supports Mr. Dowker's enthusiasm.

VW: Mr. Dowker, it sounds as though you really believe in your VW Rabbit.

Dowker: Yes, it's ridiculous the way I talk about it. But I'm not the only person who thinks they're great. Just look at all the other car manufacturers who are trying to imitate the Rabbit.

VW: Would you recommend the Rabbit to other investors?

Dowker: I have. A former co-worker in Toronto, a friend from down the hall, one of our branch managers in Brantford, they're all believers and owners. I even convinced my wife's brother he should buy one. He's a clergyman. And, you don't recommend anything to him unless you truly believe.



You don't sell a lot of cars if you don't have a good car.



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Will the Fundy Trail dream come true?

Not if pulp companies and government stalling can help it

To tourists, New Brunswick is the Cinderella in rags they see at the door when they come calling on her two charming sisters, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. But no children's movie can ever be made about New Brunswick. The X-rated reality is that she is a whore, subject to continuous submission to multinational pulp companies, her political fathers either helpless or party to the crime. Three years ago, the federal government offered to play fairy godmother and transform Cinderella into the fairest tourist attraction of them all by building the Fundy Vacation Trail. But as fast as you could say "bibbidy, bobbidy, boo," the pulp companies shoved Ottawa's magic wand down her throat.

"We still have an active committee in Alma (in the existing park) for expansion of Fundy Park," says Max Bowron of the Albert County Tourist Association. "We hope the new federal government will be receptive to the plan." The "plan" was announced in 1976. Fundy National Park, located near Moncton, would be doubled in size to come up the uninhabited coast to Big Salmon River, near Saint John. Ottawa would also make a 30-year-old dream come true and build a sightseers' road near the Fundy coast. Today only a truncated proposal exists, and supporters hesitate to talk about it for fear of losing everything. Says George Weir, operator of the Parkland Hotel in Alma: "I was told to shut up and not to comment because we're to take what we can get and go for the expansion later."

New Brunswick government tourist officials complain incessantly that visitors consider the province a mere sluiceway to other destinations. Premier Richard Hatfield proposed the park expansion to the federal government in 1974 as a means of developing a high-profile drawing card like the Cabot Trail in Cape Breton. Two years later, with Ottawa

ready to open its cheque book, the expansion looked secure. In September, 1976, Tourism Minister Fernand Dubé (now Finance minister) announced that the proposal was going to cabinet and no details could be revealed. Within days, an obscure group called the Southern Regional Forest Management Committee, fronting for the pulp industry, called a press conference at Schoales Dam, 20 miles south of Sussex, inside the proposed expansion area. Invitations to the media were sent in envelopes bearing the return address of: Department of Natural Resources, Province of New Brunswick, At Point of Mailing.

The weekday all-day press briefing and tour attracted 40 people, a quarter of them Natural Resources employees. Information Dubé had proclaimed confidential came out in minute detail. The hitherto secret Fundy Trail route was traced on maps labelled property of MacMillan-Rothesay, a company owned by MacMillan-Bloedel of British Columbia, and Pejepscot Paper, a Hearst Corporation subsidiary. A MacMillan-Rothesay official boasted to reporters: "We've got a statement from Honorable Boudreau himself that if this Fundy Park expansion goes through, he will personally resign his position." (Natural Resources Minister Roland Boudreau has since been defeated at the polls.)

The New Brunswick Tourist Advisory Board made a last-gasp pitch in March 1977. Gordon Fairweather, then Fundy-Royal MP, now heading the Canadian Human Rights Commission, told hearings that expansion benefits would last "not only into the next century, but into the millennium." Bowron of Alma estimated that only .27% of the province's woodland would be taken out of production. With a yield per year of 8,000 cords, that would keep one mill going for three to five days. William Whalen of Nelson-Miramichi, a N.B. Labor Federation spokesman, said southern mills always talked of shortages, yet private woodlot owners along the Miramichi had no customers. Although some Sussex motel owners had expressed fears of business loss, Harry E. Hoar, speaking for Saint John, said, "So great will be the traffic coming into the park, that those returning on Route 1 (by Sussex) will outnumber those coming both ways now."

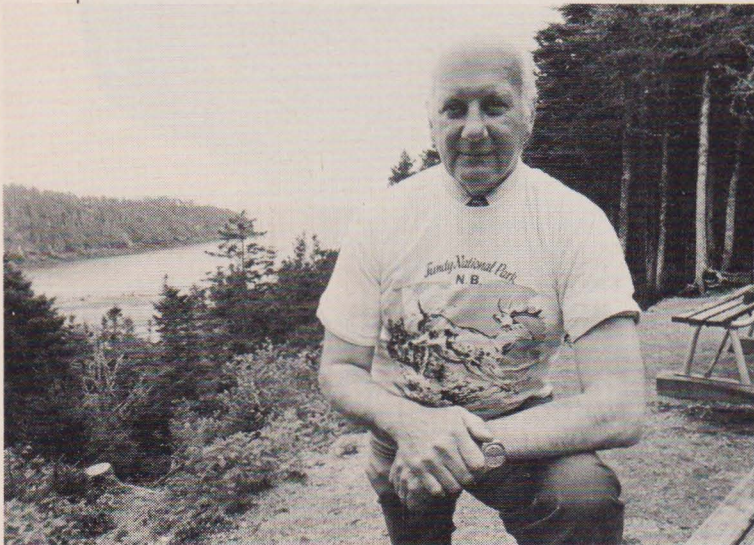
Today Bowron says the road still makes sense because millions of people "are only a gas tank away." But the Fundy Trail may no longer be in the works. "They cut down the amount of land to 26 [square] miles instead of 76," says Weir. "It'll be just the coast and it does not allow them to build the road. Without the road, it won't help tourism at all."

John Carruthers of Ottawa, a Parks Canada official, says: "The province is not sure if it wants to go ahead. I don't know if the money's still there or not. We'd have to have a firm proposal from the province. There's a general freeze on new initiatives."

Provincial Tourism Minister Leland McGaw says: "That's a lot of territory. A lot of lumber could go to waste. A compromise might still be in the works. I'm not certain."

A federally funded 1972 study said a super Fundy Trail could be linked from St. Stephen, N.B., to Yarmouth, N.S., for \$100 million. Supporters argued that for every \$1 invested, \$5 would quickly come back, jobs would spring up all along the route, and Cinderella would live happily ever after. But Cinderella's dowry was squandered in garish, honky-tonk crap games with the likes of Malcolm Bricklin. New Brunswick remains in the clutches of the pulp companies. The government may continue to sell the tourist industry the story that it cares about Fundy Trail, but British philosopher C. Northcote Parkinson, wise to the ways of governments, has a phrase for what Fredericton is doing: Delay is the deadliest form of denial.

— Jon Everett



Bowron: The road still makes sense. But does anyone care?

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Prince Edward Island

"The Plan": A decade old, it's still a big, fat flop

The Development Plan is 10 years old this month, but nobody plans a party. The Tories are still searching for ways to bring on the "rural renaissance" they promised in the election campaign last spring and, to them, the Plan is an embarrassment the Liberals left behind. It's like a huge mansion they must continue to occupy till they find something to replace it. If Liberal governments had survived in Charlottetown and Ottawa, the federal-provincial Joint Advisory Board would have met this month to plot the Plan's final five years. A signing ceremony was to follow in March. New Tory governments, however, have scrapped this timetable.

Elmer MacKay, federal minister for Regional Economic Expansion, came to

Charlottetown in August and—at meetings with the Island cabinet and DREE officials—reached agreement simply to extend existing arrangements for another year. This gives both Ottawa and Charlottetown time to come up with new policies.

One reason for the delay may be that Premier Angus MacLean has recently discovered one of his basic assumptions about the Liberals was wrong. He used to attack them for selling control of the Island's development strategy to Ottawa. Now, however, he may be finding that it was the province that actually had the dominant voice, that the Island was able to twist the federal-provincial agreement to fit its own changing policies. If so, the Plan is more attractive to the Conser-

NEWTON PHOTO



DREE's MacKay: He needs time



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vatives in power than it ever was when they were in opposition.

On the federal side, there are rumors MacKay and such ministers as



MacLean: He was wrong about Liberals

Treasury Board President Sinclair Stevens—who are fired with zeal to reduce the size of government—hope to abolish DREE in 1981 and to replace it with a system whereby Ottawa would simply transfer lump sums to the provinces to allocate as they like. Provided there's no reduction in federal funds, this change would be welcome in every provincial capital in Atlantic Canada.

The P.E.I. Development Plan was born when everyone still believed the best way to solve social and economic problems was to "throw money at them." Liberal Premier Alex Campbell's cabinet, still confident it could cure ills that had weakened the Island for generations, set out to change the province's entire socio-economic structure in a mere 15 years. They would end chronic educational backwardness by using federal funds to build magnificent consolidated schools. New roads would solve transportation problems. New light-manufacturing industries would give Islanders the jobs they'd traditionally sought on the mainland. New agribusiness would replace small, inefficient farms. And one fine day in 1984, the Island would proudly stand on its own feet, no longer begging for federal money.

But with five years to go, things just aren't working out that way.

The Island's school dropout rate is

still far higher than the national average. Except in retail service industries and, significantly, the provincial civil service, the growth in the Island economy has not been inspiring. (The Island's bureaucracy has been far-and-away the Plan's greatest beneficiary.) While the number of women in the labor force doubled, the male labor force increased by only 20%. However much this may please feminists, it means big growth only in what economists call the "tertiary sector," and some others call "women's work." The rest of the economy remains sluggish.

The Island's rate of growth in personal income during the Seventies was indeed higher than the national rate, but the proportion of total income that Islanders actually *earned* fell. This means Islanders' dependence on money from the feds has increased. Moreover, per capita income on the Island is still lower than it is in every Canadian province except Newfoundland and Labrador. Despite determined efforts to back family farms in the Plan's second stage, farm population declined. Manufacturing did not grow significantly. The provincial government is more dependent than ever on federal money. Defenders of the Plan argue that, without it, things would be even worse. Maybe so. But that's not what the Plan promised.

— Kennedy Wells



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Nova Scotia

Woodlot owners battle for bargaining rights

It's been going on for 10 years. Is this time the right one?

The lane is long and bumpy, but the drive back to Jim Johnson's farmhouse near Goshen in Guysborough County is well worth the trip. The old homestead was built on a hill, and affords a spectacular view of rolling countryside, lakes and softwood forest surrounding it. The 250-acre farm has been in his family for years. Johnson farms, but his livelihood also depends on other things. He takes in summer vacationers, sells Christmas trees and maple syrup, and cuts pulpwood. Though he calls himself an "ultra capitalist," Johnson believes there has to be fairness in the marketplace. That explains his involvement in the Nova Scotia

Woodlot Owners and Operators Association (NSWOOA), an organization which has been trying for more than 10 years to win the right to bargain for pulpwood prices. Says Johnson: "For the small woodlot owner, there's never been any fairness. We've never gotten a decent price for our wood."

Woodlot owners' struggle to get legal bargaining rights has been going on since 1961, when the first of the multinational pulp companies settled in Nova Scotia. Throughout the fight, woodlot owners have been puzzled and angered by governments which have supported them financially while at the same time doing everything possible to help



Johnson's an "ultra capitalist." But he wants fairness in the marketplace

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF PARKER

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Nova Scotia

industry.

Jim Johnson is president of NSWOOA's Suppliers Division, formed to represent only those pulpwood producers in the seven eastern counties who supply wood to the Swedish-owned Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI) at Port Hawkesbury. The Division was certified as an official bargaining agent following a public hearing held in Port Hawkesbury in July. But given the weakness of the legislation under which the board operates as well as NSFI's track record in challenging every decision the board makes in the courts, it's questionable whether the verdict in favor of the woodlot owners will mean the battle is over.



The fight may go on

The Pulpwood Marketing Act was passed by the Liberal government in 1972. The NSWOOA, officially formed in 1969, had wanted to set up a marketing board under the Natural Products Marketing Act. Pulpwood producers in several New Brunswick counties have set up boards under the Natural Products Control act and its successor, the Farm Products Marketing Act. But in Nova Scotia the big pulp companies opposed it, claiming that pulp and paper couldn't be treated like milk or eggs, which were subject to price-fixing marketing controls, because pulp sells on the international market. So, although 85% of NSWOOA members voted in favor of the marketing board, the government refused to ratify the decision. Instead, it followed the industry's suggestion and created new legislation establishing an agency similar to the Labor Relations Board. Having no price-fixing powers, it merely supervises bargaining.

The Pulpwood Marketing Act was, by all accounts, a poorly drafted piece of legislation. Wording was unclear, definitions were fuzzy. When the Pulpwood Marketing Board certified the NSWOOA for the first time in 1974, NSFI immediately contested the decision in the courts. The Supreme Court of Nova Scotia overturned the certification of the NSWOOA and suggested that future applications for legal bargaining status should be confined to the supply area of each pulp mill. So the NSWOOA set up its Supply Division, and began organizing NSFI suppliers. But the court battles weren't over. The Pulpwood

Marketing Board was taken back into court by NSFI when it offered to give the NSWOOA the company's list of suppliers to help the organizing drive.

In 1974 and again this summer, NSFI argued that the bargaining unit suggested by the NSWOOA was "inappropriate." In 1974 it was too narrow, because of a delegate voting system which would mean not every woodlot owner voted on the proposed contract. In July at Port Hawkesbury, NSFI President John Dickey argued that the proposed unit was too broad, because of a clause in the organization's bylaws which could extend membership to other unspecified groups.

But the main issue raised by Dickey and the industry was whether the NSWOOA is a "suitable organization" to bargain on behalf of small producers. NSFI contends that the woodlot owners' association is poorly organized and irresponsible. NSWOOA executive director Richard Lord admits the association's history hasn't always been smooth. "Our members aren't professionals," he says. "They're farmers. Maybe we didn't know how to be diplomatic, and talk things over politely. But that doesn't mean the cause isn't just." Dickey says NSFI has always been willing to bargain with the small producer, but woodlot owners scoff at this. When the mill is the only place in eastern Nova Scotia to sell your wood, they say, you don't have much power to bargain on price.

In the late Fifties the government decided to lease almost all Crown land in the seven eastern counties to NSFI for a dollar a cord, thereby establishing the basis of the conflict: The company could cut all the wood it needed off Crown land if small producers weren't willing to accept the going price. It's been government policy throughout the Seventies to maintain the stumpage rate at a dollar a cord (NSFI now pays an additional \$1.75 per cord for reforestation) so that woodlot owners have to compete with government on price.

If NSFI decides not to appeal the board's decision this time the way may still not be cleared for bargaining. The Pulpwood Marketing Act is still the inept piece of legislation it was when passed by the Liberals. Lands and Forests Minister George Henley says he wants the woodlot owners to try negotiating with the company. If that doesn't work he'll amend the legislation. After all these years the NSWOOA, even though it's now certified as legal bargaining agent for small pulpwood producers, will still have to depend on the willingness of a multinational corporation to negotiate prices. For men like Jim Johnson, the 10-year battle may not be over yet.

—Sue Calhoun

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Newfoundland and Labrador

The mine is dead. Long live the fishery

After almost half a century of squeezing a meagre income from fluorspar mining, the fiercely proud people of St. Lawrence (see also *Book Excerpt*, page 92) are returning to the fishing industry. Fishing is where their roots lie.

For St. Lawrence, mining is now a thing of the recent past. Citing cold facts about dollars and cents as its reason, Aluminum Company of Canada pulled out in 1977. The town will remember Alcan. To be reminded of the deaths of those who succumbed to mine-related diseases, her people need only glance at the graveyard that overlooks the harbor.

Though many saw Alcan as an outfit that cared more for profits than it did for miners, St. Lawrence also felt the closure of the mines might mean economic disaster. Now, the comeback of the fishery is helping dispel this dismal notion. Until the legendary tidal wave of 1929 destroyed all the fishing property in town and reduced cod stocks, St. Lawrence had been a self-sufficient fishing community. Those are the times that her people are now trying to bring back.

For Mayor Vic Edwards, head of a committee to find jobs for miners, the sound of construction on the site of a new fish plant is like music. "A lot of people were skeptical when we first started talking about a fish plant," he says. "Now they're coming up and saying, 'I must be honest with you. I didn't think it would happen.' But they're elated about it." Federal and provincial money is behind the project. Fishery Products will run it, employing 180 people at first and, after a couple of years, as many as 300.

Turning from mining to the sea will be demanding for ex-miners, but Edwards says they're "very capable of making the adjustment." Lawrence

Edwards has already done so. He worked in the fluorspar mines for 17 years and, since they took their toll on him physically, he's not sorry to be living off the fishery. "If I'd had any sense, I'd never have gone into the mines," he says. "It's after taking 10 years off my life."

He had never totally abandoned fishing. Like other miners, he supplemented Alcan's low wages by fishing in his off-hours. Alcan's abandonment of the mines therefore made his decision to fish full-time an easy one. He sells to Fishery Products, which trucks fish to plants in nearby communities. But when St. Lawrence's own fish plant opens—probably in time for next year's fishing season—Edwards believes it will be a godsend. "It's a great thing," he says, "especially for the younger crowd. People will be better off than ever."

Lawrence Edwards hopes the mines stay closed forever: "I hope they [Alcan] never come back. I wouldn't want them to come back. I've got two sons and I'd never want them to work in the mines." Alcan milked a resource dry at St. Lawrence and, like huge corporations elsewhere, pulled out with little thought for those it left behind. It is no thanks to Alcan that the fish plant is under construction. Mayor Vic Edwards, who once worked above ground for Alcan, said that despite its immense wealth it refused a request to invest \$1 million in the fish plant.

"I believe in companies making money," Mayor Edwards says, "but they should be forced to bear some corporate responsibility for the people who helped them make it. I don't think a million was too much to ask." But it no longer matters why Alcan refused to put money in the plant. It is going up, and mining has gone. The sons of St. Lawrence will no longer have to shorten their lives in mine shafts. —**Bob Wakeham**



St. Lawrence was once a self-sufficient fishing community. It will be again

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A romantic scene in a living room. In the background, a man in a suit and a woman in a pink dress are sitting on a patterned rug in front of a fireplace with a warm fire. The room is dimly lit with lamps on either side. In the foreground, a wooden Hammond organ is prominently displayed, angled towards the right. The organ has a light-colored wood finish and a black keyboard. The overall atmosphere is cozy and intimate.

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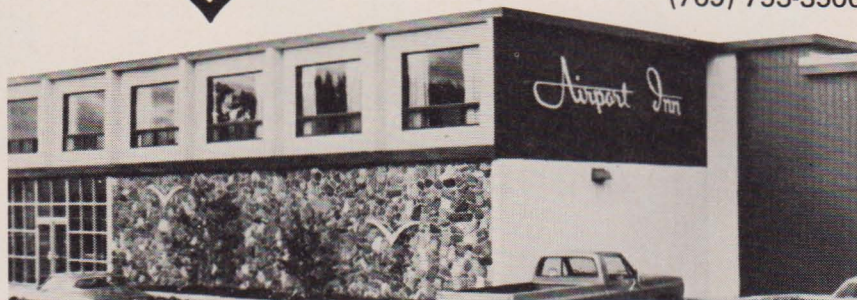
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Drink

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A television commercial tells us, "Alexander Keith made his beer his way...and when, in time, it fell to us to make his beer for him, we made it his way..."

That's sheer baloney.

It's a safe bet that no commercial brewer makes beer the way Alexander Keith made it. What, for instance, would he have thought of federal regulations that specify permissible ingredients in modern beer-making? Carbohydrate matter, salt, Irish moss, carbon dioxide, caramel, dextrin, food enzymes, stabilizing agents, pH adjusting and water-correcting agents, acacia gum, activated carbon, asbestos, bentonite, calcium silicate, magnesium silicate, aluminum silicate, cellulose, China clay, nylon 66, diatomaceous earth, gelatin, silica gel, polyvinylpyrrolidone, wood shavings, ammonium persulphate. True, Alexander used a little caramel and a substance made from the swim bladders of sturgeon. But wood shavings?

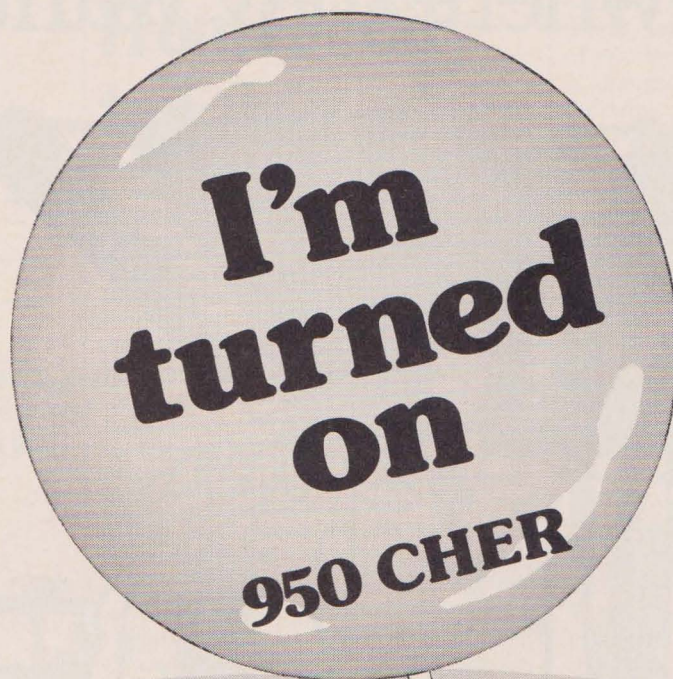
The fact is that except for a few spots in the western United States, the beer our forefathers drank isn't commercially available anymore. Even in Britain, the home of the "good pint," the pasteurizers, filterers and carbon-dioxide pumpers ruled the roost for many years. But the tables have begun to turn and, if there is a God in heaven, North Americans too may soon benefit from a rebellion in Britain.

CAMRA (the Campaign for Real Ale) joined battle with British brewing giants 10 years ago and they've had remarkable success: Lots of members, a monthly newsletter and an annual Good Beer Guide. They even have a seal of approval for certified real-beer pubs.

The Atlantic provinces have their share of real-ale fans but they're unorganized. I, however, am willing to act as pro tem chairman. While we're waiting for our branch of CAMRA to grow, the closest we may get to the real stuff could be my own recipe for home-brewed best bitter, available from Jeremy Akerman, 1741 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. You can offer your first toast to Alexander Keith. It's been a long time since anyone brewed beer the way he did.

— Jeremy Akerman

Jeremy Akerman, pro tem CAMRA chairman, is also leader of the New Democratic Party of Nova Scotia.



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From Fat City to Fat Province

Board Air Canada flight at Fat City airport for Halifax. Ottawa like Terminal 2 in Toronto: All Maritimes flights arrive and depart at ramp at longest walking distance from lounge. Added wrinkle at Fat City. Directed to ramp at end of new all-weather tunnels, step out into all weather and board plane up same old rickety ladder. Beside us, Calgary-Vancouver flight is boarding directly into plane from carpeted ramp. Nova Scotian acquaintance says one should be prepared to walk farther and climb ladders for privilege of going to Maritimes. Obviously, Air Canada feels same. Breakfast. Apparent reject from Calgary-Vancouver flight: Roll of fried grease bathed in lard representing scrambled eggs, sausages in lard, home fries in lard. Ketchup OK, and needed. More important, good landing. Sunny and warm. Friendly, helpful man at car rental. Things looking up.

Prepared to hear complaints about dragging economy. Heard none. Long conversation with old friend in business. Things never better. Bags of money in the fisheries. Look around downtown Halifax. More construction than going on in Fat City. Hotels, business blocks. Again admire Historic Properties. More achieved in better taste than nearly twenty years of work, all with government money, in Fat City's Byward Market restoration area. Search for other signs of slipping economy, beefing about Upper Canada, assorted crying towels. Find instead:

-Tourist business booming despite drop in American travel. Slack more than taken up by visitors from Europe (Gathering of the Clans) and from elsewhere in Canada. Highways marvellous, especially extra passing lane on hills. Other roads excellent. Attended own clan gathering. Small but fun. Made up in quality, as chief said, what it lacked in the quantity of Macdonalds and other overgrown tribes. Sight of three pipers topping ocean cliffside at sunset something for everyman, not just clansman. Didn't find many Canadians taking clan business seriously but Americans inclined to go a bit ape. Roots big thing in U.S. Canadians already know their roots.

-Start apparently being made on harnessing tidal power in Annapolis River. Good grief, what next? Passamaquoddy and Chignecto Canal? In New

Glasgow, alleged depressed area, Sobeys Stores announces \$1-million expansion of two stores. And in Halifax, a butcher is charged with tax evasion by not declaring income of about \$250,000. Somebody can afford today's groceries.

Balked in search for signs of depression and unemployment, turn to hunt for pollution and other signs of general wear and tear. Find instead:

-Spotless Melmerby Beach near New Glasgow, with new change houses, acres of sand, a view all the way to Prince Edward Island and few people, despite gorgeous day. Peering about for oil pollution in Chedabucto Bay, discover instead a clean five-mile beach. Am lone swimmer from skyline to skyline, so skinny-dip in warmish sea.

-No province can be richer in preservation of things past than Nova Scotia. Louisbourg and Citadel only part of it. Visit seven of Nova Scotia Museum's 19 sites. Personal favorite, Lawrence House at Maitland. Great chowder at What Cheer House, Sherbrooke Village. Great lobster roll at canteen, Ballantyne's Cove. Neither any match for feed of fresh snow crab (total \$2 for two persons) at small canteen on Cabot Trail.

-Sale at liquor store at Mulgrave. Quart of rum, \$5.85. Two per customer. Returned in disguise later in day but all sale stuff had vanished. Word gets around quickly. Man in Halifax confided his lawn green all last winter. Man in Cape Breton (admittedly southern C.B.) said same thing.

Ran into only one case of bitchiness during trip. That was cancellation by Ottawa of move by Post Office's philatelic division to Antigonish. More than 200 people had been interviewed for jobs. Contractors had built houses in anticipation of sales. Angry Antigonish *Casket* says: "Ottawa, while the capital of our nation, is not Canada. Ottawa, swollen with bureaucratic power, prestige and wealth, is only a dot on the map of a country boasting extent from sea to sea."

But this only untoward incident in general sea of affluent expansiveness throughout province. Heard scarcely a discouraging word about anything, including Fat City. General conclusion: Nova Scotia is Fat Province.

- The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom normally writes about scandalous doings in Ottawa. To save his sanity, he recently made a short trip to God's country, which he describes above.

Cover Story

Canada's "saga man" is back with his first big book in seven years. Here, one of his good old friends, a Cape Breton neighbor, celebrates the mind and phenomenon of

Farley Mowat, prophet

By Silver Donald Cameron

The worm of fear is turning in Farley Mowat's guts, melting his knees into jelly, making him ready to scream. Around him stretches a featureless, nightmare landscape of stinking mud, fog, smoke and overcast. The air reeks of cordite, sweat and putrescent flesh. After three years of war, Mowat is ready to break.

The scene is somewhere south of Ortona, Italy. It is Christmas Day, 1943, and Farley Mowat is 22 years old. He has written about that campaign in *The Regiment* (1955). But that book was a history. What did it *feel* like, that terrible time? What did it do to men's minds and spirits? This fall, Mowat tells that wrenching, private story in *And No Birds Sang*. It's an occasion: His first complete book of new work since *A Whale for the Killing* in 1972. It's been, he grimaces, a long dry spell. Cornered by hyenas of the mind.

What's he like, this most celebrated of our storytellers?

Around the corner of my old cottage, one summer evening, came a smiling, curiously tentative reddish beard surmounted by a pair of merry eyes.

"Oho!" I said. "It's Farley Mowat!"

"That's who," he said. "How are things?"

I had known he was around. At first I discounted the rumor he was buying a place across the bay from mine. The rumor persisted. The local realtor who sold Farley the place had been sworn to secrecy. As a result, the story made CBC radio. Farley's arrival was imminent. Months went by. Farley was impending. More months. Farley was still impending. Farley was in the Magdalens, in Manitoba, in Ontario. Farley was impending.

The hell he was. I relaxed. The last thing I want is an influx of writers and artists and Deep Thinkers into my corner of Cape Breton. Why share paradise?

I have problems enough already, without having to deal diplomatically with prima donnas and dipsomaniacs.

"That's precisely why I came here," said Farley, plunking a bottle of Lemon Hart on the kitchen table. "There's hardly any place left. On the other side of Cape Breton, it's all Winnebagos heading for the Cabot Trail. When I first went to the Magdalens, you never saw a

at the house washing some dishes, which we do once a day. And the phone rang. Like a fool, I answered it. You know who it was?"

I hate to think.

"*The Globe and Mail!* The bloody *Globe and Mail!* How the hell they got hold of the phone number I'll never know. By the way, I'll write it down for you."

"Farley, isn't that sort of a contradiction? You come down here to get away from all that, and the first thing you do is seek out the only other full-time writer for miles and give him your unlisted phone number."

"I'm not hiding from you, I'm hiding from the bloody tour buses!"

He was full of questions. How long had we lived here? Were the people mostly Acadians? How did they make their livings? How did they react to having a writer in the village? Did I still have my schooner?

An attractive, humorous bit of a man, full of stories and passionate opinions, puffing sporadically on a huge briar, helping himself to the occasional cigarette, radiating good will. Emboldened, Margo confessed she once wrote him a fan letter after reading *People of the Deer* in a college course. She deplored the way the book had been dismantled and ransacked. And Farley wrote a personal reply.

"Good for me!" Farley grinned. "What'd I say?"

"You said, 'Keep fighting the bastards, they'll never win.'"

"Good for me again!"

At the end of the evening, Margo wondered whether he'd like to sleep away the Lemon Hart—but no, said Farley, he was all right.

"Look," he declared, his square body framed in the doorway, "I'm really glad I came here tonight."

"So are we."

"I wasn't sure what kind of recep-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK CUSANO/INSIGHT

Mowat: "We'll destroy ourselves," but the world will be better

tourist. Last year, there were over a hundred thousand. *A hundred thousand!* I had tour buses stopping at my gate. *This is the home of Farley Mowat, the famous author.* Can you imagine it?"

I can imagine it.

"We've taken serious measures. We don't live in the house here, you know. Oh, no! We live in a travel trailer elsewhere on the property. We don't answer the phone. But you know what happened the other day? I just happened to be

tion I'd get, you know."

"What?"

"Well, younger guys who are struggling along, you know, and I've made it, I don't ever have to write another word. That's why Claire didn't come. We've had some nasty experiences..."

No doubt. No doubt.

Over the two years since, I have seen at least three Farley Mowats. No doubt there are more.

Farley In Public is the famous bad boy of Canadian letters: The rum-drinking hell-raiser who rampages into the homes of CBC executives at three in the morning, demanding drink and women; the kilted Roaring Boy who offers his bare bum to the sedate citizens of Orillia, Ont.; the quarrelsome eccentric who makes headlines by being bounced from motels in places like Picton, Ont., for disorderly opinions about the owner's ancestry. Farley In Public is compounded of lechery, exhibitionism, fish gurry and raw caribou meat. He misbehaves on television, terrorizes bureaucrats, makes the stuffy get sniffy and suggests that the snotty get stuffed. The Only Living Farley Mowat in Captivity and, emphatically, Not Housebroken.

Farley In The Books is the inventor of a form I call the "mowat". A mowat is not exactly fiction, not exactly fact. It follows Mowat's Maxim: "Never let the facts stand in the way of the truth." A mowat is personal experience trimmed and shaped to convey something true and important about the lives of whales and wolves, the destruction of native people, the skill and courage of those who live by the sea. Farley In The Books is a powerful historian, a successful anthologist, a prize-winning humorist, and the author of four excellent novels for young people. Farley In The Books is a spacious, droll, rebellious spirit.

Farley In Private is astute, irreverent and generous. This Farley virtually gives an outboard motor boat to a young neighbor. Farley In Private doesn't drink at all when he's working. "Times like this," observes a rural friend, "Farley looks like he's drinkin', but there's no bubbles in the bottle." Farley In Private belongs to the NDP in three provinces, and gives it time and money. He loves dogs, boats and northern countries. He's a reliable friend. And Farley In Private, I sense, is subject to moods of black despair.

Farley In Public has been deliberately created by Farley In Private to serve the professional needs of Farley In The Books. We all know Farley In Public because he was created to be known. "I have an image of you," I told him. "This funny little kilted rascalion is dancing and carrying on, paralysed

drunk in public places. But he's made out of cardboard. You're standing a couple of yards behind him, pushing him in front of you with a long stick, and smiling quietly to yourself as you watch him drawing all the attention, like a lightening rod."

Farley smiled, those blue eyes twinkling.

"That's pretty close."

"And it's a way of having fame and eluding it, too."

Farley nodded. Fame is a strange thing. For Canadian writers, selling in a market flooded with American and British books, fame is an absolute necessity. The happy few who live on their royalties are adept not only at writing marketable books, but also at marketing them. Here's Templeton on radio, Berton on TV, Charlie Farquharson tickling the Rotary Club, Dennis Lee chanting with children. W.O. Mitchell addresses a convention while Margaret Atwood reads at a college. Authors lead a life rather like that of a politician. Farley In Public is a master of the art. Heading out on my first publicity tour, I asked his advice.

"Don't talk about your book," he insisted. "The book is *death*! Be outrageous, tell stories, insult the interviewer. Hold your audience. If you deliver a good show, the interviewer's going to be eager to have you back. Talking about the book makes you sound like a cheap promoter. But if you just come across as an interesting person, people will buy the book because they want to know more about you."

Really?

"Absolutely! *Refuse* to talk about the book!"

It works. Almost every Canadian knows a story about Farley In Public. And in bookstore after bookstore, whole racks are devoted to prominent displays of his work. His publisher's representative in the Maritimes once told me that he owes his job to Mowat. Without Mowat's sales, the Maritimes wouldn't warrant a full-time rep.

But Farley In Public will eventually



Claire Mowat is "perceptive and lovely"



Often seen as his "adjunct," she's a writer, too

Cover Story

vanish. A century from now, only Farley In The Books will remain. Farley has written or edited 25 volumes since *People of the Deer* appeared in 1951. Most of them inhabit a kind of no-man's-land of literature where journalism, scholarship, fiction and autobiography interchange and overlap. Farley's craft fuses them into seamless mowats.

Farley In The Books describes himself as a "saga man"—a storyteller like the anonymous authors of the Norse sagas, who preserve the heroic and poignant experiences of the tribe, creating the mythology which holds the tribe together. He is openly nostalgic for tribal life, with its web of conventions and values so deeply ingrained that they needed no enforcement. Inevitably, he travels beyond the reach of regulation and bureaucracy, always seeking people who sustain this lusty natural anarchy.

Institutions and bureaucracy thus seem to Farley contemptible warts on the shapely bum of humanity; he is, he remarks, "in favor of anything that takes the mickey out of duly constituted authority." Here, indeed, is one of Farley's great themes: The conflict between rigid authorities and the infinitely subtle shades of human practice. No law requires the oldest, most enfeebled Inuit to offer himself as food when starvation threatens; all the Inuit understand the reasons for such terrible sacrifices, and the old one can hardly imagine disobedience to a tradition so brutally realistic. But the white authorities have laws designed not for Inuit life, but for the wildernesses of Toronto and Montreal. When the two collide, the result is inevitably tragic.

Hence, too, the profound sorrow of Mowat's work. Despite his award-winning humor, he is fundamentally a conservative man, in the root sense of the word, and thus, like all conservatives, a sad and angry man. His books are either bitter laments, or celebrations of a heroism which no longer meets with honor. He celebrates nameless heroes, men and women and other animals who confront death and do what they have to do in the teeth of their own mortality: The native people, the deep sea tugboat men, the Vikings, the Atlantic fishermen, the trappers, the infantrymen of Ontario.

"Mankind," Farley said in his first book, is "the only living thing that could deliberately bring down a world in senseless slaughter." He was reacting in sick horror to his war experience. But war is only the most spectacular of civilized man's barbarities. Equally destruc-

tive is what Mowat calls "the bitch goddess of technical progress," the goddess of a species which disregards the truth that man lives on the land, by the land, from the land.

Farley In The Books finds his true ancestors in the Old Testament. "For leaders of this people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed," rages the prophet Isaiah. "The earth is utterly broken down; and it shall fall, and not rise again."

In the end, Farley In The Books is writing about the most grand and terrible theme one can imagine: The end of humanity. He is the prophet of nature's revenge. "I have heard an oracle," rages the prophet Mowat. "If we who have brought such massive discord and such wasting sickness to this planet cannot bring an end to our blind orgy of destruction, then, most surely, shall we perish from the earth."

Farley In Private is Farley In The Books, and a good deal more beside. He is a great-great-nephew of Oliver Mowat, a Father of Confederation. He is the father of Sandy Mowat, a merry, elfin young man who recently stood for Parliament in the Toronto Rosedale riding as candidate for the Apathetic Party. "Sandy's theory," Farley explained solemnly, "is that there are more apathetic voters than there are Liberals, Conservatives and New Democrats put together."

Farley In Private lives with his second wife, Claire, generally in Port Hope, Ontario, or in Cape Breton. For several years, they have shared their lives with two black water dogs, Edward and Lily—named, I suspect, for the Mowats' old friends, Their Excellencies The Schreyers. Last year Lily had a litter of pups, which were so fetching—well, now there are *three* water dogs living with the Mowats.

Claire met Farley in St. Pierre, during the long string of misadventures chronicled in *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float*. Ever since, she has been part of his migratory life, living in Burgeo, Nfld., in Ontario and the Magdalen Islands; in Manitoba, where Farley briefly served the Schreyer government as an adviser on northern development; in Iceland and Siberia and...

Farley In Private is still a firm believer in biological destiny. Margo has never had a child. According to Farley,



He believes in taking the mickey out of authority

that leaves a void at the core of her life. "You need to get pregnant!" he'll cry. "It's a biological imperative! You don't have any control over it! It's in your genes!"

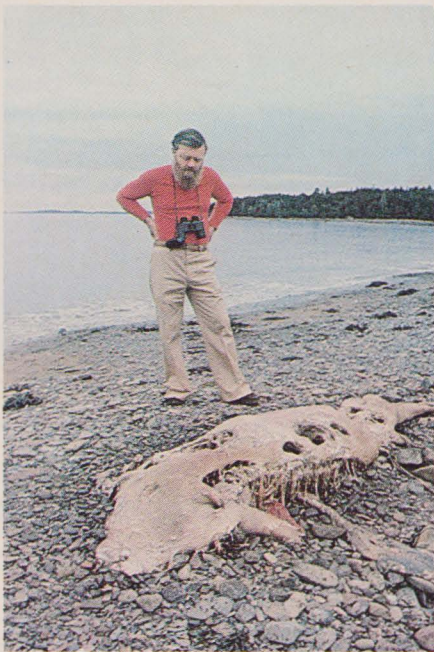
"We're an aberrant species," he continues. "We're like a cancer in nature. And writers, my friend, are an aberration within the aberration. Writers don't belong anywhere. You can live a hundred years in this village and love it with all your soul, and you'll never belong. You have this insane compulsion to write things down and to tell the

truth, and sooner or later you're bound to write down truths that the people around you can't stand. And they'll wheel on you and destroy you."

Farley speaks here from an open wound. One night he talked about it, about how the Mowats lived seven years in Burgeo, and how they loved the place. About the petty tyrannies, and the closeness of people, and the unexpected eloquence and kindnesses. About Claire's notes on how things changed when the telephone came in. And then Farley got involved with the whale that came ashore, and brought the whale to the world's attention. But some of the younger men thought it sporting to shoot it, and when it died, the outside world condemned all the people of Burgeo as savages.

And Burgeo, stung, turned on Farley the publicist.

"Do you have any idea how it feels," asked Farley, very quietly, "to



Sometimes it feels bad, not belonging

have your closest friends, people you've known and loved for years, turn away and refuse to speak to you when they meet you on the street?

"You don't belong here!" Farley cried, seeing in me the romantic refugee he once was himself, willing me not to repeat his terrible misconception. "You'll *never* belong here! And don't you ever forget that, because someday it's going to happen to you!"

Occasionally I glimpse other Farleys, ones I will never really know. Farley, the devoted but difficult husband, for instance. Claire is a perceptive and lovely woman who might well have had an outstanding career as a writer or artist. Instead she has usually been seen as an adjunct of Farley—a difficult role for someone with her own pride and her own imperatives. She keeps extensive

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The outstanding thing about Dominion Stores since we started in 1919 is that shoppers could always depend on us. Today, we can be depended on to satisfy the needs of almost three million Canadians every week.



We encourage a dialogue between our staff and shoppers. We innovate and make improvements at every opportunity.

To appreciate how far both food shopping and Dominion Stores have progressed since 1919, let's look back.



YOU CAN ALWAYS

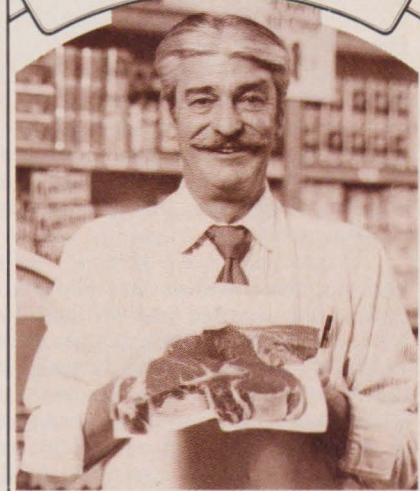


There were no supermarkets; only corner stores selling canned goods and other pre-packaged products. Because of the limited selection in these stores, shoppers had to go from one type of food store to another to complete their shopping.

By the 30's Dominion led the way in food shopping by pioneering the "all foods under one roof" concept, including meat, fresh fruit and vegetables. We launched the chain-store idea for food stores, opening self-serve, large-size supermarkets. Central distribution facilities

were opened by Dominion, guaranteeing overnight delivery to our stores. In the early 50's we introduced larger-than-ever supermarkets as the hub of the

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Also for you at Dominion Stores: the largest selection of products, including instore bakeries; the lowest prices possible on your overall food order; hundreds of specials every week on items you need and use; a money-back guarantee covering everything we



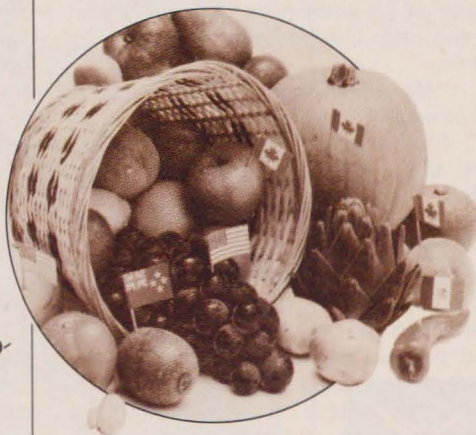
new "shopping centres." And began providing parking lots adjacent to our stores for our shoppers' convenience.

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sell; the convenience of a Dominion Store in more neighbourhoods, and getting closer to more of you every year. You can depend on us. We guarantee it.

Dominion

1919

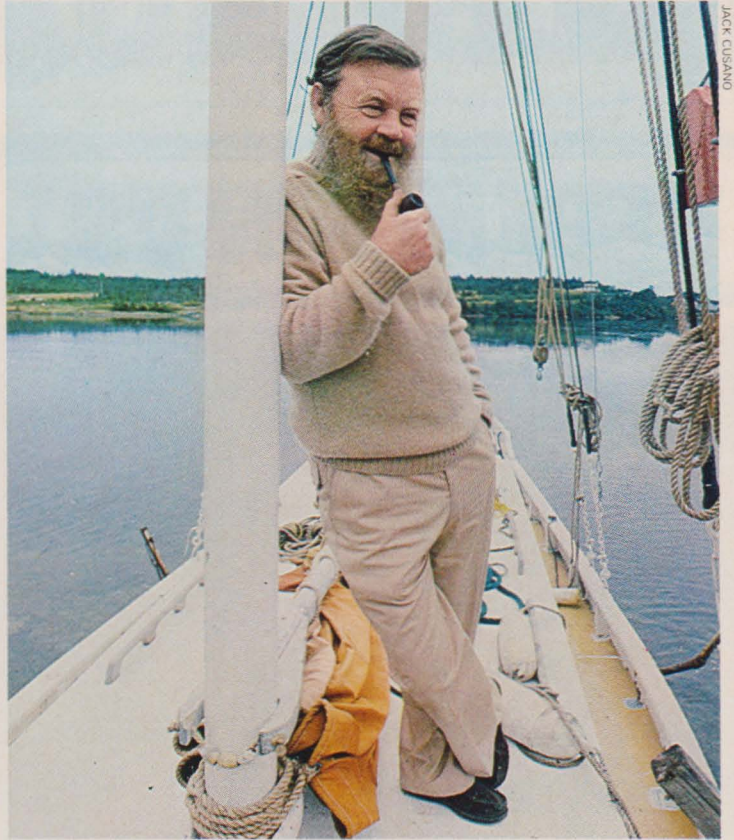


1979

Cover Story



The boy soldier, a long time ago



Now, he remembers how that terrible time felt

journals, which Farley plunders mercilessly, and for some time she has been working on a book of her own. But—Mrs. Farley Mowat? They like and trust each other. But there must be days...

Farley, the son. Angus Mowat was a leathery, whiskery, opinionated Scot, a great librarian, a formidable outdoorsman. He sailed all his life—even, miraculously, in Saskatchewan. He scorned mediocrity, championed good library service and, when well into old age, set up housekeeping with a woman thirty years his junior. Farley blew into my workshop one January night with his adopted brother John, a full-blooded Mohawk transmuted into an Ontario banker. Farley is "amazed at the quality of the workmanship" of the boat I'm working on, but I know its many flaws: Gaping joints, poor finishing, sags in the varnish.

"Nobody's ever going to notice those but you," scoffed Farley. "Hell, nobody's even going to be able to see half of them. That bit along the keel is going to be under the floorboards."

"I know, I know, but..."

"Yeah, sure, *you* know it's there," Farley snorted. "Who does he sound like, John? Haven't you heard this crap before?"

"Yeah," John grinned, running a finger over the wood. "He sounds just exactly like Angus."

Al Purdy wrote a poem about the loving care with which Angus rebuilt a 60-year-old boat on the Bay of Quinte. Once, I asked Farley why he didn't write novels. "My father wanted me to be a novelist in the style of Conrad," he said bluntly, "but that wasn't my route. He was always disappointed in me because I wouldn't—couldn't—do that."

Farley may be the dominant prose writer in the country. His books sell briskly in New York and Moscow. To many of his countrymen, Farley Mowat is the *only* Canadian writer known by name.

"My father was always disappointed in me."

I felt a flush of anger at Angus. And yet, all the same, if a man had to choose a father he could do worse.

Farley sits at the kitchen table, reading aloud the final pages of the new book. The book germinated when he ran across his own letters from overseas and thought he might write a wry and astringent mowat about youth and maturity. Instead it proved to be a ravaging study of fear. Glasses low on his nose, he reads too quickly, shy about his work and its reception. But the images of the pounded, churned Italian countryside, the slithering tanks and ruined men, the worm of fear: These are so strong, so vivid, that they

overmaster even the author's anxiety. As the last words hang in the air, Farley is crying. He's not alone.

"I feel privileged to have heard you read that," says Margo, quietly.

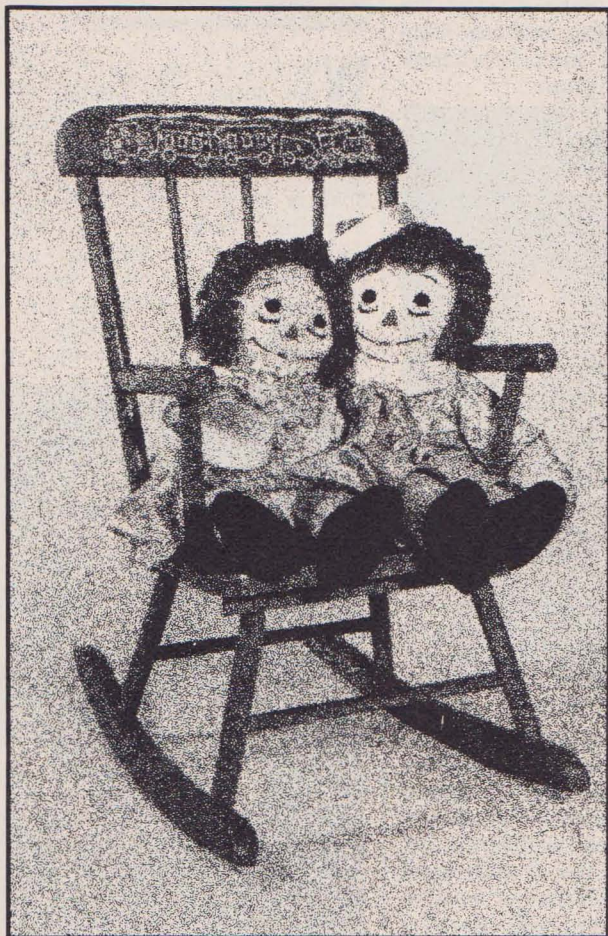
"Well, kids," Farley says, with false heartiness, "I guess my long drought is over."

Welcome back, saga man.

Farley has his flaws and he suffers from Canada's small-minded resentment of flamboyance and achievement. Still, some of us know his worth. "From the day I first met Farley back in 1956, he's been my closest friend," novelist Harold Horwood said. "I have the greatest respect and affection for him on every level, as a man and an artist and a public figure whose public stances have been right all along the line."

His public stances. The essential Farley Mowat is the saga man and prophet, Canada's Cassandra. Nature never loses: That's the truth. And that truth is what Farley Mowat's life is all about. He sits at the kitchen table, the sunlight glinting in his coppery beard, staring sombrely out over the green land and the glittering sea. His sidelit face could be chiselled from stone. "Nobody who watches the way human beings behave can possibly doubt it," he concludes. "We're going to destroy ourselves and our environment. And the world will be better for our going." ☒

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Folks



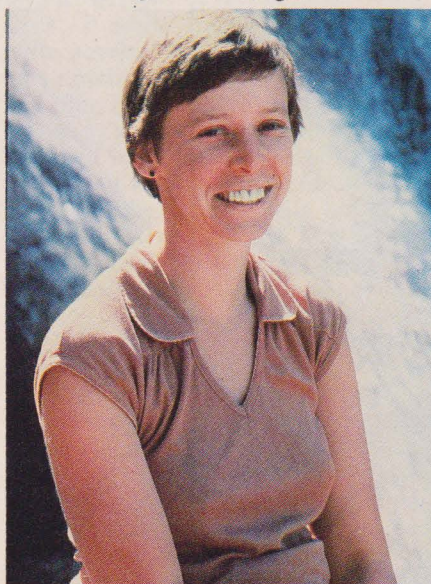
The Wagners: Being good clowns isn't enough

After a frustrating summer at home, **Ron and Cheryl Wagner** look forward to clowning around the country this winter—maybe to Montreal, for certain to Manitoba and British Columbia. The Halifax clown and puppeteering couple counted on a six-week, 60-performance tour with the International Gathering of the Clans, but after working months on a new act—Ron even made bagpipes that squirt water, throw pies and make funny noises—their grant fell through. Since they'd turned down other offers, they had to fall back on unemployment and are hoping an out-of-court settlement will bring them compensation. In eight years of clowning "we've had miraculous luck with grants," says Ron. They've done a string of T.V. specials, performed at an international children's festival and come close to the top for two years at the Clowns of America Competition. Ron's designed special surgical puppets to help kids feel better about being in hospital and Cheryl was nominated for an ACTRA award. They feel their real talent is understanding kids. "Adults often try to squelch their kids' energies. We use their energies and bring them into our shows," says Cheryl. It bugs them that theatre, especially for children, doesn't get the grants sports get. Unfortunately, says Ron, "Being good isn't good enough."

Donna Clouston says she's addicted to "salty winds, rock, water and snow." She lives at the water's edge in Flat

Rock, looks to land and sea for a living and, like so many other Newfoundlanders, survives as a jack-of-all-trades. In short, she's a 29-year-old artist who thoroughly embodies the essence of Newfoundland. Her most recent exhibition, *Banners, Boats and Breezes*, billows above the main concourse of the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's. It includes 22 batik banners that show such everyday scenes as boys playing hockey, and men mending nets, splitting fish, chopping wood. Trained as a goldsmith at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, Clouston returned to Newfoundland in '72, started making banners in '74. She built the walls and cupboards of her own house, then threw up the frame of a workshop-barn, installed the gyp-

rock, plumbing and wiring. ("When something goes wrong, I know whose fault it is.") It's there in that hand-built barn—with country music on, and the telephone off—that she creates the silky hangings that prove she's Newfoundlander through and through.



Clouston builds banners—and barns

As the recently appointed president and general manager of Moncton-based CN Marine, the Crown agency which operates 21 ferries in the Atlantic region, **Rupert Tingley** has plenty to do. Like helping form the International Marine Transit Association and meeting with ferry operators to talk about a transportation system he says is used by



Tingley won't leave it all to government

one billion people a year and destined to become top dog in cities like Halifax. But when he sees other things that need doing, busy as he is, he can't help getting involved: "We shouldn't leave everything up to the government." So he also heads the Moncton committee of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, because he'd like to see more people interested in classical music. And he does community work with the Moncton Hospital, as well as a nursing home and his church. Then there's the garden he likes so much and has so little time for. Sometimes he wonders how he got into so many activities. "I mutter about getting out," he says. "Other days I trot off, happy to be involved."

Women's Lib may be little older than the decade but **Marion Reid** has been practising it, without preaching it, for longer than that. She recently became the first woman ever to be named deputy Speaker of the P.E.I. legislature, but that appointment was only the latest achievement in an intensely busy life. When she married Hope River farmer Lea Reid and began to rear a family of eight, she may have intended to quit teaching. But when her first children



Will Reid be first woman Speaker?

(twins) reached school age, the local schoolhouse had no teacher, and she went back to the classroom. She taught all her children, and wound up as principal of a much bigger school. Marion ran but lost in the Island's '78 election but won with the Tories in '79, and on the day she first took the chair as deputy Speaker, her sisters from Ontario and B.C. were in the visitors' gallery. As one of two women on the government side, her chances of getting a cabinet post are good. She may even become the Island's first woman Speaker.



Fran Phipps was on top of the world

If Fran Phipps finds a February blizzard in Alberton, P.E.I., no worse than "invigorating," that may be because she's the first woman ever to stand at the North Pole. That was back in April, 1971. Wife of Arctic pilot Weldy Phipps, she flew with him to the Pole on what he'd planned as a reconnaissance flight on the day before he was to take a VIP party (including a woman) up there. Weather scratched the second flight, and so far as Fran knows, she's still the only woman ever to get to the top of the world. Not that it was much of a thrill. "Just snow and ice like any other place in the Arctic," she says. Raising a family of eight and helping run her husband's airline, she spent four years at Resolute Bay in the High Arctic. They sold out in '72, came to the Island for a visit, stayed ever since. Two decades of northern flying gave Weldy his fill of cold weather, and he'd rather spend his winters aboard his yacht in the Caribbean. But Fran can't reconcile herself to a winter without at least one real storm. The Island always obliges.

For Halifax community worker Rose Adams, the problem had two sides: Many young black women living on welfare in the inner city couldn't afford to have their hair done. At the same time, many were "ashamed of being black,



Adams: Reviving a lost art

people who'd lost touch with their roots." The result was Natural Braids and Things, a centre where young blacks learn and pass on to others the ancient arts of African hairstyling. Adams started it as a summer employment and recreation outlet for teen-aged girls—some with children of their own. She encouraged them to research black history, emphasizing the habits and arts of personal care practised in the past. Money was short. Adams went to several agencies without success and finally begged and borrowed most of the supplies she needed. Then small donations trickled in, government funding came through and seven girls were hired for the project. Today, with a small office and work room on the Halifax Commons, Natural Braids and Things offers its free service to children from four to 14 and plans to continue bringing back a lost art to Halifax blacks.

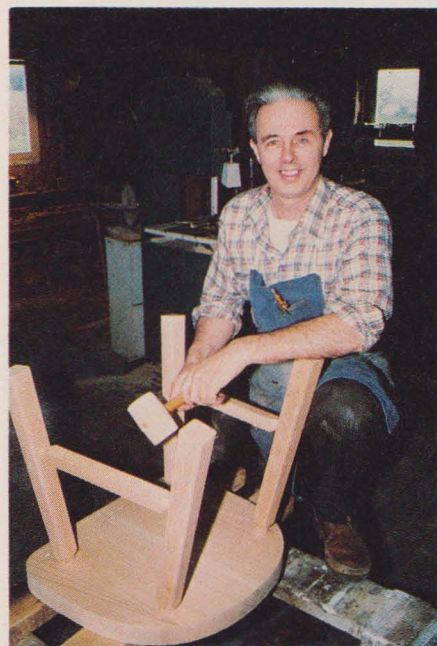


Tasker: Is there life after stills?

It started as a photo collection and grew into a film, says Shelagh Mackenzie Tasker of the National Film Board in Halifax. She's been working for the past year on a film celebrating the art of turn-of-the-century Halifax photographer Oliver Massie Hill, played in the 22-minute black-and-white documentary by another photographer, Sherman Hines. Neptune Theatre's John Neville does voice-over. Making a film around photos has been a "real challenge: How to make them go together as a story." From 3,000 photos Tasker chose 250 for a peek into Halifax in the 1870s which she thinks reveals a pretty

sophisticated city of 28,000. The film-making process brought one near-disaster: A water pipe broke in her film room. Luckily all the photos were in plastic but the musical scores shrivelled up. Tasker hopes her still-untitled film will be out this year, in time for the NFB's 40th birthday. She's had fun making it but after so much work with still photographs, she's ready for some "live action."

When the Cape Breton Development Corporation organized a show to promote the island's fledgling woodworking industry, they turned to Leo MacNeil, a furniture-maker from Howie Centre, just outside Sydney. MacNeil's craftsmanship began attracting attention when he created a series of 17th-century reproductions for Fortress Louisbourg. Archeologists insisted on fidelity to 300-year-old woodworking techniques. So MacNeil made an intricate, panelled cupboard from spruce, despite the wood's notorious instability, because that's what the original was made from. All his work for Louisbourg was finished with hand tools, and never touched by sandpaper. More than half the 50-year-old craftsman's power tools are hand-made and the rest have been scrounged: He acquired an enormous turret lathe by submitting a frivolous bid at a government auction, then gave it a year's painstaking reconditioning. So much in demand is his work that, a year ago, he stopped taking custom orders. "I was booked up a year and a half in advance," he says, "and an order gets kind of stale after that long." The orders are nearly caught up now, but MacNeil doesn't intend to start taking new ones. Instead, he'll concentrate on limited editions of his own designs, which have never been hard to sell.



MacNeil's designs are easy to sell

Autumn bliss on the Cabot Trail

It may be a cliché but it's also "very, very beautiful"

By Marilyn MacDonald

Next to the slogan "Canada's Ocean Playground," it's the biggest cliché in the Nova Scotian travel business. Driving around the Cabot Trail in autumn is what you tell people you meet on your travels to do, when you're looking for something that can't miss. You get fog and chilly weather sometimes in the summer. Occasionally the water at those marvellous beaches can be cool for swimming. Winter skiers can run into an embarrassing absence of snow. But nothing—well, almost nothing—stops or spoils that annual explosion of color that made the Trail in fall a cliché. It got that way by being very, very beautiful.

You start at Baddeck and, if you're doing the Trail in traditional style, you'll end there too. But approaching from the mainland, through those miles and miles of sense-numbing scrub bush over which the province's efficient new highways speed motorists with not an extra minute to spare, you begin to notice something around Antigonish, if you're still paying attention. Little hills like hors d'oeuvres perk you up, give you an appetite. There is something coming, after all. Past the Canso Strait you're sure of it. The Bras d'Or lakes, arms of gold cupping little islands and hills, shimmer with a light that's not the dazzling light of summer. And you're in Baddeck; you're in the Cape Breton Highlands.

Telegraph House, where we stayed the night before starting on the Trail, is

open year-round, but many inns and restaurants along the Trail aren't. Thanksgiving weekend is the informal end of the season for most establishments catering to the tourist industry, although their brochures list October 15 as the official closing date. Go early in the month, or check with the provincial or Cape Breton tourist bureaus about places that may remain open.

Telegraph House once played host to Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, Baddeck's most famous summer resident and a major growth industry in the town. A few minutes' walk from the inn is the Bell Museum, a carefully arranged, if rather sterile collection of the inventor's artifacts and, in its best section, of tributes to the day—February 23, 1909—that the first airplane flight in the British Empire took off from ice-solid Baddeck Bay.

The inn has a motel-like extension just up the hill from the main house and that's where we stayed, in a pleasant room with pine-beamed ceilings. Parts of the house, which contains the office-reception area and the dining room, are at least partly preserved in somewhat eclectic 19th-century style with period furniture, old photographs and prints. The dining room has shelves of toby jugs, ship models, cranberry glass, old chromos and family photos. Some of the stuff is for sale.

Dinner, unfortunately, was an uneven experience: Good halibut, distressingly dry, overcooked salmon. The homemade rolls were excellent and

there was fresh ginger cake with real cream for dessert. Two adults and a child ate for \$25. Telegraph House also serves breakfasts and light lunches. Service was slightly erratic but extremely friendly.

You need to start early in the morning on the Trail, not just to give yourself time to loaf around and make lots of stops, but to experience an autumn early morning in the Highlands. Tart-sweet, with air that has a tang like green apples, it's something you remember. So are the towering masses of color-rich hills.

You can eat breakfast before you go, but if you're smart—I wish we had been—you could buy food locally and in just a few minutes' drive, sit down at one of the loveliest and most photographed places on the Trail. For no good reason I can think of, Lake o' Law isn't marked by any highway sign. But it's easy enough to find: A jewel of a picnic park nestles at the edge of the lake and, on the opposite bank, the Three Sisters range—crimson and gold, seeming close enough to touch—are eloquent evidence of what the fuss is all about.

Breakfast at the lake allows you to time your morning drive to arrive around noon at the area with the loveliest of all Nova Scotian place-names, the Margarees. They're equally famous for the spring lambs in their valleys, and the salmon in their world-renowned river. Or, at least, they were. The flow of light planes into tiny Margaree airport has slowed considerably. The

Margaree River has had a series of bad years and, among salmon fishermen, has come close to losing its reputation. But the river was recently seeded with smolt from the Miramichi in New Brunswick, and seems to be making a comeback.

If your luck's bad you can always go to Miller's Old Trout Farm nearby and catch your own lunch. Kids like it. If you're really dedicated, or merely curious, you might also want to visit the Margaree Salmon Museum at North East Margaree. Here you'll find old-fashioned rods and tackle, fly-ties, books, pictures, an aquarium and enough excruciating odes to anglers and fish to convince you that, whatever its other virtues, the Margaree salmon has not been a prominent seducer of the muse of poetry.

At Margaree Harbour, adjoining the Sealladh Breagh gift shop, the schooner museum *Marian Elizabeth* has a restaurant that's a good bet for lunch. As we entered, someone was playing "As Time Goes By" on a piano. It wasn't Sam, though. Stephanie May was the pianist and her tips, placed in a box at the cashier's desk, go to support environmental causes that her family works for. (See *Profile*, page 76).

The restaurant sparkles: White chairs, nets, a few plants. There's a Nova Scotian flag at each table; you run it up to signal a waiter that you're ready to order. The seafood chowder—not inexpensive at \$2.80 a cup—was satisfyingly rich with chunks of lobster, shrimp, halibut, salmon and cod. Fish and chips (\$3.60) were good. The grilled-cheese-sandwich specialist among us pronounced the *Marian Elizabeth's* version fine. The menu lists lobster (\$6 - \$15.00), halibut and salmon (\$8.50), Portuguese cod and Margaree trout. There are home-made biscuits and cornbread, natural food specials and hot gingerbread with applesauce.

Afternoon on the Trail leads you through country settled by the two dispossessed peoples whose mark is strongest on the Cape Breton Highlands. At Cheticamp, St. Joseph du Moine, Grand Etang, you are among the descendants of the original Acadians expelled by England a couple of centuries ago. They arrived at Cheticamp Island in 1785 and, by the early 19th century, had spread out to create the surrounding communities.

Farther along, Pleasant Bay, where Scottish settlers driven out by the Highland Clearances arrived in 1819, offers you a sight of the largest sugar maple stand in Atlantic Canada. From here through to Cape North and Ingonish, the mountains swell breathtakingly: Mackenzie, North, French, Franey, Big and Little Smokey. But something's changed. Along the ranges, the budworm-ravaged spruce of Cape Breton

stands painfully exposed, patches of rusty grey where once dark green set off the glory of the maples.

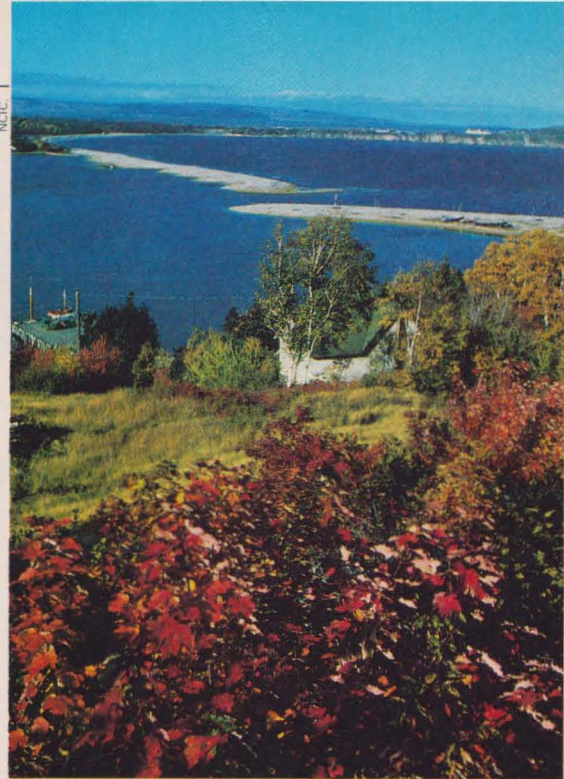
At Pleasant Bay, the Black Whale restaurant, an unpretentious-looking pine and log structure, advertises itself as a place for people who love, but don't often find, good, fresh seafood. Local fishermen supply the product, local women do the cooking and Bill and Jean Atwell, lawyer and artist, run things. Our meal began rather badly with dry, stale rolls—hard to understand or forgive in a place less than 20 miles from the excellent Cape North Village Bake Shop. But the fish—poached grey sole, salmon, grilled mackerel—was succulent, wonderfully fresh and expertly cooked to an almost ideal point of tasty moistness. It came with boiled jacket potatoes, a minuscule serving of coleslaw, fresh carrots and canned peas.

There are desserts but, with the Village Bake Shop so near, why bother? It has super home-made pies, cookies and squares, as well as bread and rolls and, best of all, bannock—or, if you'd rather, *bonnach*—the Scottish oatmeal loaf which needs no accompaniment except something of your choice to wash it down. If you're in the mood for more formality, or just want to get indoors, there's the provincially operated Keltic Lodge at Ingonish. By fall the bus caravans of golden oldsters have thinned out. The Lodge's dining room offers quite a respectable, sometimes very good menu and the view of jutting, purple-grey Smokey, its head in little wisps of cloud, is great.

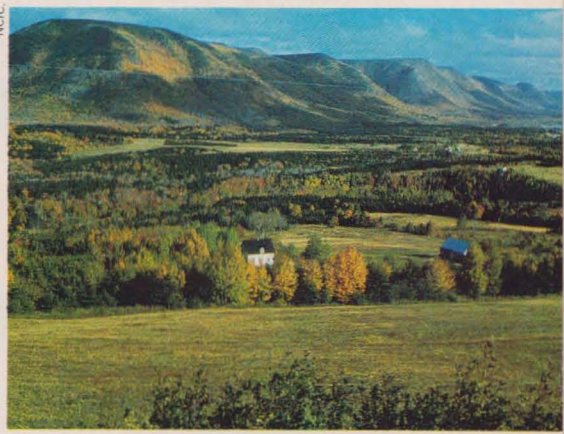
Down over Smokey, the last of the massive hills, you go back around to Baddeck. If you haven't unloaded all your money at the numerous little craft places, specializing in jewelry, pottery and leather, that have sprung up along the Trail in recent years, you can drown your end-of-holiday sorrows in extravagances of hooked rugs, lambswool sweaters, kilts and antique china and glass. But look back for a last glimpse of the hills as you leave, and remember the real magic part: It'll all be back next autumn. You can count on it. ☒



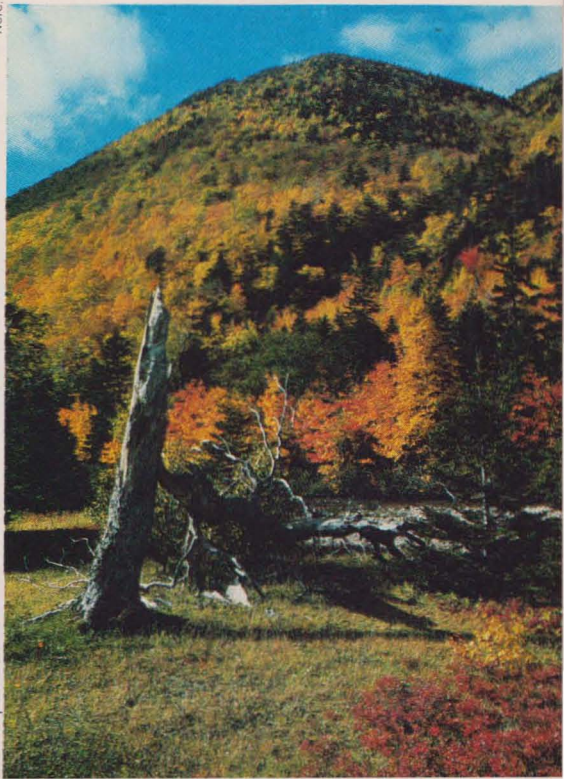
Telegraph House:
Alexander Graham Bell slept here



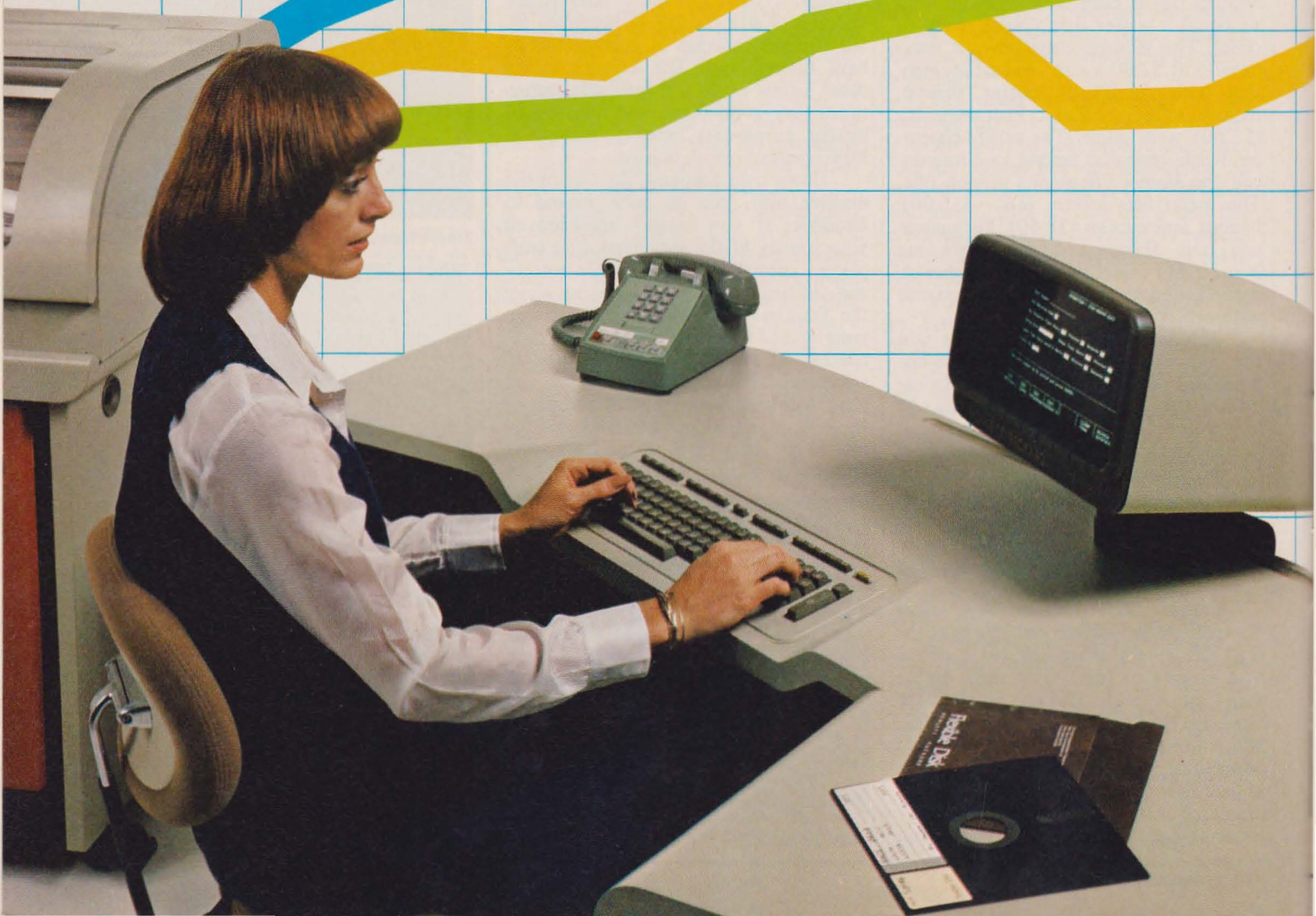
The autumn air—"tart-sweet...like green apples"



From Pleasant Bay to Cape North, hills swell breathtakingly



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Don't ask Richard Cashin where he's going next

He won't tell you. His drive to organize Newfoundland fishermen was "one of the most remarkable in Canadian labor history." A friend says, "He could be the premier of Newfoundland tomorrow if he wanted it." But he doesn't

By Stephen Kimber

Late last May, after a hard day of union meetings, Richard Cashin returned to his Labrador hotel room just in time to hear that Don Jamieson, former External Affairs minister, was coming home to lead the Newfoundland Liberals in the June 18th provincial election. Almost instinctively, Cashin picked up the telephone to call Jamieson and offer his support. Richard Cashin? What was he doing? Wasn't he the fiery president of the Newfoundland Fishermen and Allied Workers? Wasn't he a shining symbol of everything that was bright and clean and progressive about politics in the new Newfoundland? How come he was throwing his weight behind Don Jamieson, the freespending, glad-handing epitome of everything that had been old and tired and wrong with Newfoundland politics?

Pundits were quick with dark hints of a deal. Cashin, they suggested, was supporting Jamieson so he would return the favor and endorse Cashin's candidacy in Jamieson's old federal seat. Cashin, they confided, was bored with union work, itching to return to Ottawa. It was a neat theory, but not at all accurate.

Ever since Cashin was defeated in the 1968 federal election, political observers have been trying—without success—to get a handle on him. What does Richard Cashin *really* want? They thought they finally knew in the summer of 1977. After Cashin joined the National Unity Task Force, there were knowing winks and sly smiles in Ottawa. Cashin's trade union foray, it appeared, had been nothing more than a cover for conventional political ambition. Having cemented his base in Newfoundland, Cashin would use the Task Force as a bridge back into federal politics. It was all very traditional and well-ordered and predictable. And all very wrong.

At first glance, Cashin is a crazy quilt of contradictions. By birth and breeding, he's a charter member of New-

foundland's exclusive establishment, yet he has spent most of the past decade turning that very aristocracy on its collective ear. He has a special magnetism and a spell-binding oratorical flair, but he is so distrustful of Newfoundland's weakness for charismatic leadership that he is often afraid of his own gifts.

"Rick Cashin could be premier of Newfoundland tomorrow if he wanted it," Father Des McGrath said. McGrath is a Catholic priest, an activist who was partly responsible for bringing Cashin into the battle for collective bargaining



Cashin: "A special magnetism...a spell-binding flair." But does he trust himself?

rights for fishermen in 1970. "But I don't think that's what he wants," he added.

"A lot of people are still second-guessing my brother's motives," Laurie Cashin says. He's a senior development officer with the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion in St. John's. "They think he must have some master plan for the future." Even Laurie has no clear idea of what Richard's ultimate ambitions might be: "In a general sense, I think he has a conviction to do something about the class system in this province but, you know, I really couldn't say for sure."

For his own part, Richard Cashin sidesteps the issue of ambition. "Why does there always have to be a 'next?'" he asks, the predictability of the question having enabled him to come up with an answer that he now pumps out by rote. "There's no 'next' in terms of things I have to do. Most of the important changes in my life have been the result of accidents so it seems pointless to make those kinds of plans."

It's true that Cashin, who is only 42, is where he is today because of a number of happy collisions of time and circumstance but, at the same time, there has been a kind of timetable within him. Even if events had not brought him to his current niche, he would still be doing and saying much the same things in some other guise.

What Cashin has been doing and saying—as an MP, union leader and member of the Unity Task Force—has very much to do with the role of Newfoundlanders in the development of their own province and more broadly, with its role within Canada. Though he neither likes nor uses the phrase, he is a Newfoundland nationalist. His Newfoundland roots go back nearly 300 years. At the beginning of this century the family finally made the transition from fishermen to merchant-politicians and members of the St. John's establishment.

His father amassed a fortune during the Second World War in brewing, coal and oil. But Cashin argues, partly self-servingly, that his father was never part of the despised merchant aristocracy: "He was, in many ways, a populist." Like the Stanfields in Nova Scotia, the senior Cashin insisted his children understand the burden of wealth. "We were given an ethical sense of responsibility and instructed that it was our duty to help those less fortunate than ourselves," Laurie remembers. "We were taught to do some sort of public service."

The spine of that responsibility was stiffened for Richard during his years at St. Francis Xavier University. It was the incubator for Nova Scotia's co-operative

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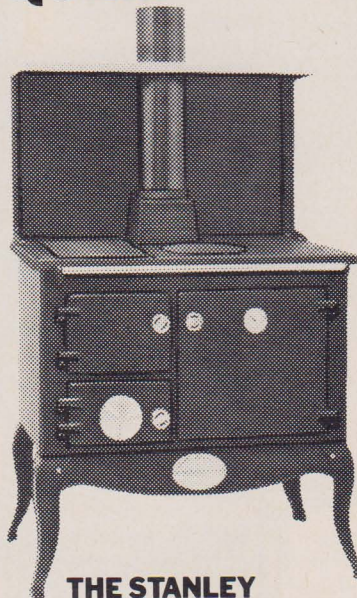
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Labor

movement and, while Cashin was influenced by the implied socialism of that movement, St. F. X. also gave him a chance to indulge another family talent—old-fashioned showboat politics. Though his father took no public role in Newfoundland's often raucous political life, Cashin's grandfather, Sir Michael Cashin, was briefly prime minister of Newfoundland; and an uncle, Major Peter Cashin, was a fiery rabble-rouser who led anti-Canada forces in the tumultuous Confederation debates of the 1940s.

In his freshman year, young Cashin helped organize the National Republic Party which, on a platform of turning Canada into a republic, became the official Opposition in the model parliament. He also flirted with the campus CCF group but Des McGrath, a contemporary at St. F.X., remembers him as "more of a general live-wire than a committed, serious politician."

Cashin carried that same, loosely focused political energy to the Dalhousie Law School where he helped organize the Independent Student Party before hooking up with campus Liberals. Even before Cashin arrived home in '61 to take a job with a St. John's law firm, stories about him had reached Joey Smallwood, stories about this young Newfoundlander with the famous island name, silver tongue and head full of political savvy who had been dazzling mainland Liberals at Dalhousie. Smallwood was still the paterfamilias of all Newfoundland Liberals and he used his prerogatives to decree that the young man—whom he had never met and for a time confused with brother Laurie Cashin—would be the party's candidate in St. John's West in the coming federal election.

Cashin won the seat by the skin of the traditionally Liberal armed-service vote. He lost it, however, in a court battle over disputed ballots, but won it again in the 1963 election. He held it until 1968.

"In the beginning," Edith Goodridge, a friend of Cashin's, remembers, "Richard was one of Joey's golden-haired boys." Though Smallwood, at a rally in 1962, went so far as to suggest Cashin would one day be his anointed successor, the wily premier was careful to prevent any would-be heir from establishing an independent power base. In 1967, he cut down to size both Cashin and another pretender, Don Jamieson. Smallwood vetoed the appointment of either to a Newfoundland vacancy in the federal cabinet, and pressured Prime Minister Pearson to choose Charles Granger, a non-threatening political

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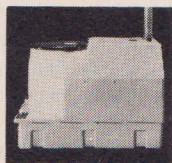
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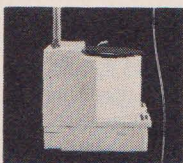
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Labor

journeyman. By 1968, however, Smallwood's grip on Newfoundlanders had been broken. They used a federal election to send him a very personal message. They pointedly told all the Liberal candidates, with the exception of Jamieson, to find non-elective careers.

Cashin unhappily returned to St. John's to resume the law practice he had barely begun when Smallwood had first come calling in '62. By now, however, his heart wasn't in it. After six months, he was crazy with boredom. In desperation he took up the legal cudgels for some former constituents—100-odd fishermen in Placentia Bay—whose livelihood was being threatened by pollution from a phosphorous plant. Cashin won a \$300,000 out-of-court settlement from the company and established his credentials as the fishermen's friend.

Meanwhile, on the northern peninsula, Des McGrath was trying to organize a group of Port au Choix fishermen who had been complaining about the way fish-buyers treated them. "By the time I called Richard we already had the nucleus of a small union there," McGrath says, "but at that point I knew I needed legal advice....Richard and I had lost touch over the years but I remembered him as a hard worker, an organizer and a good speaker. We needed all those qualities." After a year-long organizing drive that writer Richard Gwyn called "one of the most remarkable in Canadian labor history," Cashin and McGrath arrived at the union's founding convention in April, 1971, with 7,000 card-carrying members. By then, Cashin had a wife and two children. He'd abandoned his law practice. Thanks partly to his family inheritance, he survived the organizing efforts without pay, and the fishermen rewarded him by naming him president of the Newfoundland Fishermen and Allied Workers.

For the union, 1971 was a historic year. The Smallwood government, on a collision course with the voters, quickly gave in to its demand for legal collective bargaining rights but the gesture was too little, too late. In the pivotal '71 election, the fishermen flexed their new-found collective muscle and were credited with defeating three Smallwood candidates to give the election to Conservative Frank Moores.

But even before then, a bitter seven-month strike had begun in Burgeo on the south coast. The issue was the local fish-plant owner's refusal to bargain with the union but, as Cashin publicly pointed out, the strike was really "a fight to change a system that has kept Newfoundland down for centuries."

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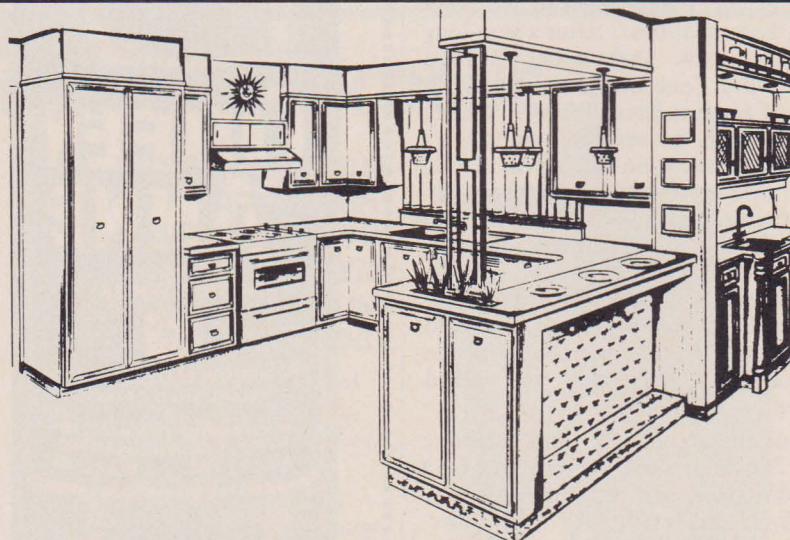
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Though the battle ended with a whimper when the fish-plant owner packed his bags and left town, it was a milestone for the union. "Symbolically," Edith Goodridge explained, "Burgeo marked the beginnings of a transition from feudalism to a new social order."

The union quickly became much more than a dollars-and-fringe-benefits bargaining tool and "It started in Burgeo"—the slogan on bumper stickers sported by union sympathizers during the strike—became shorthand for a grassroots movement that is still shaking the province to its foundations. The union is the engine of that movement and Cashin is its sparkplug. "Newfoundland society grew and developed out of the relationship of the fishermen and the fish-buyer," Cashin maintains, "and what we as a union are saying is that what happens to the fishing industry has significance economically, politically and socially for everyone in the province." Cashin and the union therefore surged into the middle of the debate over Newfoundland's future, and his high profile made him a prize catch for any political party that could net him.

"A lot of my friends find it difficult to understand why I don't go back into politics," Cashin admits. "I won't pretend that I don't have political interests but I'm convinced that over the long haul it's more important to establish a real base outside the party structure than inside it." Although Cashin has been a major force behind the rise of the NDP in Newfoundland, and although he did give his personal blessing to Jamieson in the last provincial election (a spur-of-the-moment gut reaction that Cashin has since privately admitted was a mistake), he still maintains he has no plans to run for political office.

What about the rumors he was after Jamieson's old seat? He laughs. "Maybe, if they gave me a frontal lobotomy and both my legs were broken and I was told that I only had so long to live, then maybe...just maybe, it might be an option. Otherwise no."

He is less clear, however, on where the movement he has been building since 1971 will ultimately take both himself and Newfoundland. It's possible he'll one day emerge as the leader of a new political party. Given speculation that the resources of Newfoundland and Labrador make it an Alberta-in-waiting, it is even conceivable that the political party might be separatist or, at the least, nationalist. The only certain thing at the moment is that wherever the movement goes, Cashin will be leading the way. ☒

Opinion

There's a good reason for the Atlantic Whine

It's called arrogance. Central Canada invented it

By Walter Stewart

I have always been opposed to the Atlantic Whine, the constant complaint that the eastern section of Canada is the neglected stepchild of Confederation. If it weren't for tariff policy, the Whine goes, if it weren't for fisheries, transport and other policies set by those lunkheads in Ottawa to benefit Ontario, Quebec and the rest, Atlantic Canada would be sitting pretty. There is some historical justification for the Whine, but that doesn't make it easier to bear. When a whining spouse or a sullen kid moans, "You're not nice to me anymore," it doesn't help that the complaint is justified. So, my attitude toward the Atlantic Whine has always been one of impatience, and I am not popular in east-coast bars.

But not long ago I spent a week trailing around Nova Scotia, following hearings of the Canadian Transport Commission, and I am now prepared to join in the Atlantic Whine. I mean, those bloody central Canadians, who do they think they are?

The way of it was this: In 1969 Canadian Pacific Railways applied to Ottawa to close down the Dominion Atlantic Railway, a 216-mile line that runs from Halifax to Yarmouth, and serves the Annapolis Valley. The DAR—as it is always called—belonged to Canadian Pacific which wanted to dump it for the sound reason that it loses money. Ottawa put off the first application and the line kept running until VIA Rail, Canada's Crown corporation, took over this year. VIA promptly took up the application to dump the DAR, and pressed its case before Transport Commissioner J.F. Walter in a series of hearings at spots along the line. In fact, part of the deal when VIA took over the line was that it would move to end the service; that's like a foster mother agreeing to take on a kid with a promise to garrotte the brat first chance she gets.

All of the hearings—in Yarmouth, Digby, Windsor and Halifax—followed the same formula. First, dignitaries appeared before the commissioner—MLAs, mayors, reeves, local MPs. They said the line was necessary, essential, vital, helpful and, as MP Patrick Nowlan put it in

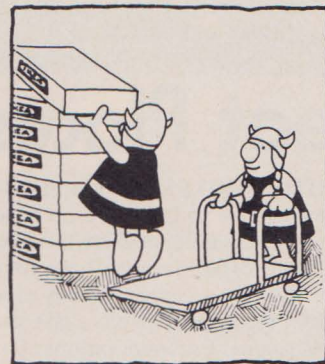
Windsor, "To close down a railway now, in the teeth of the energy crisis,

amounts to sociological madness." These out of the way, on came the local citizens, people who actually used the line. They explained that the service was appalling, the stations disgraceful, the schedules berserk and the amenities non-existent. Clearly, the DAR had been allowed to run down, to drive customers away so that the line could be dropped entirely. Canadian railways devote more skill and energy these days to going out of business than staying in.

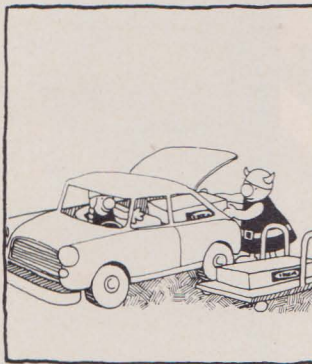
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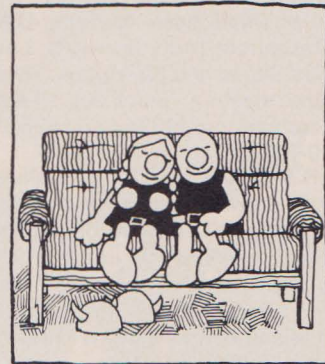
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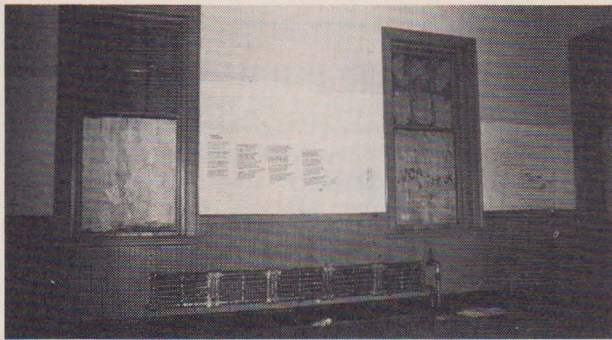
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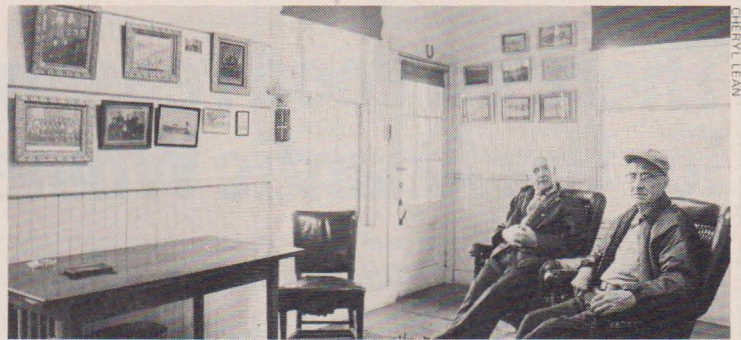
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Opinion



Something to whine about: Wolfville train station



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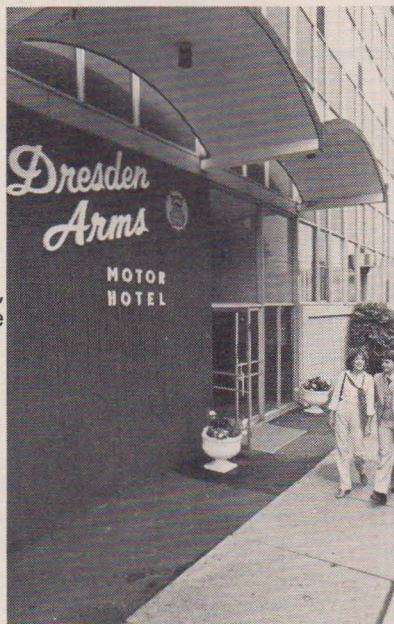
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Witnesses from Transport 2000, the consumer group, argued that the DAR, under more efficient management, would attract more customers and lose less money than the \$1 million a year now going down the drain. They explained that net expenditure on highways—over \$60 million a year in Nova Scotia—and subsidies to airports, to say nothing of the built-in subsidies to buses that run on public highways, make the DAR stipend look like peanuts.

Then, along came the chaps from Ottawa and Montreal, the VIA Rail and CPR folks. Yes, they said, the DAR is a mess; yes, it could be better managed, better scheduled, more comfortable and, yes, that might attract more customers. But it still would not make sense, because it would always lose money. And if money is to be lost, it should be lost where it can do the most good: In Ontario, Quebec, B.C. or Anywhere But Here. Knock out the DAR and there's a million bucks per annum to blow between Toronto and Montreal. Putting the dough in Nova Scotia is a waste. Let the Annapolis Valley take a bus; it might not be as comfortable or sure but, by God, it's good enough for the likes of you.

Nobody ever put it that baldly. There were ritual bows toward fair play, equal treatment and the pledges of Confederation. But in the end, the position was clear; if we're going to put money into rail transport, it should go where the Proper Folks live, and that ain't in the east.

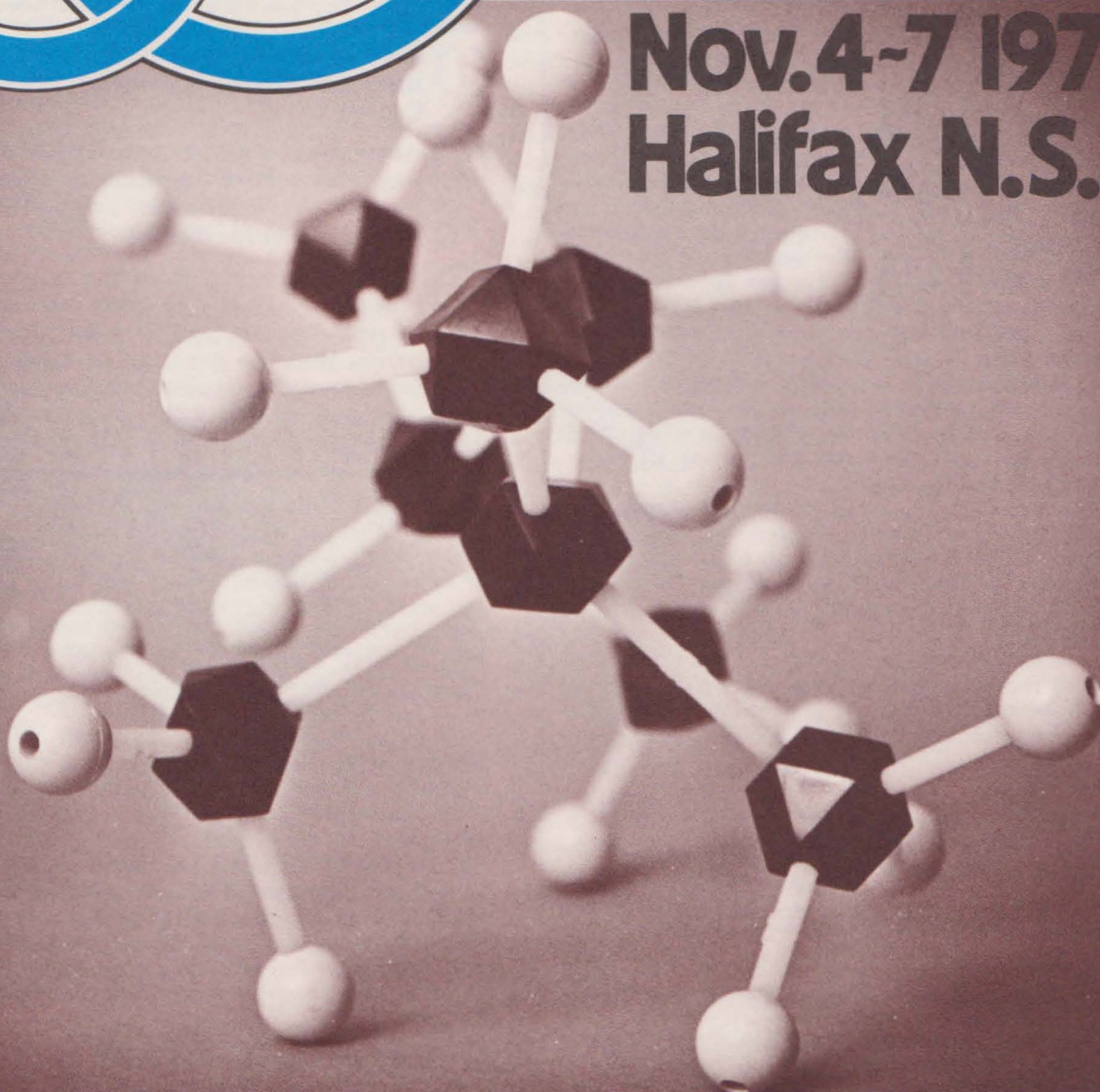
I don't know how the decision on the DAR will go. These things take months. I hope, and expect, that the line will be retained. But this is merely a minor skirmish in a long struggle. What the hearings made clear is that the attitude of central Canada towards the fringes of its Empire have not changed: The Atlantic region contains second-class citizens, and that's all there is to that. Until that view disappears, the Atlantic Whine remains justifiable, though it might work better as a bellow.

options

THE INSIGHT CONFERENCE SERIES

Tourism and the energy crisis

Nov. 4-7 1979
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W. E. Belliveau
Publisher, *Atlantic Insight*,
Conference Chairman

CONFERENCE GOALS:

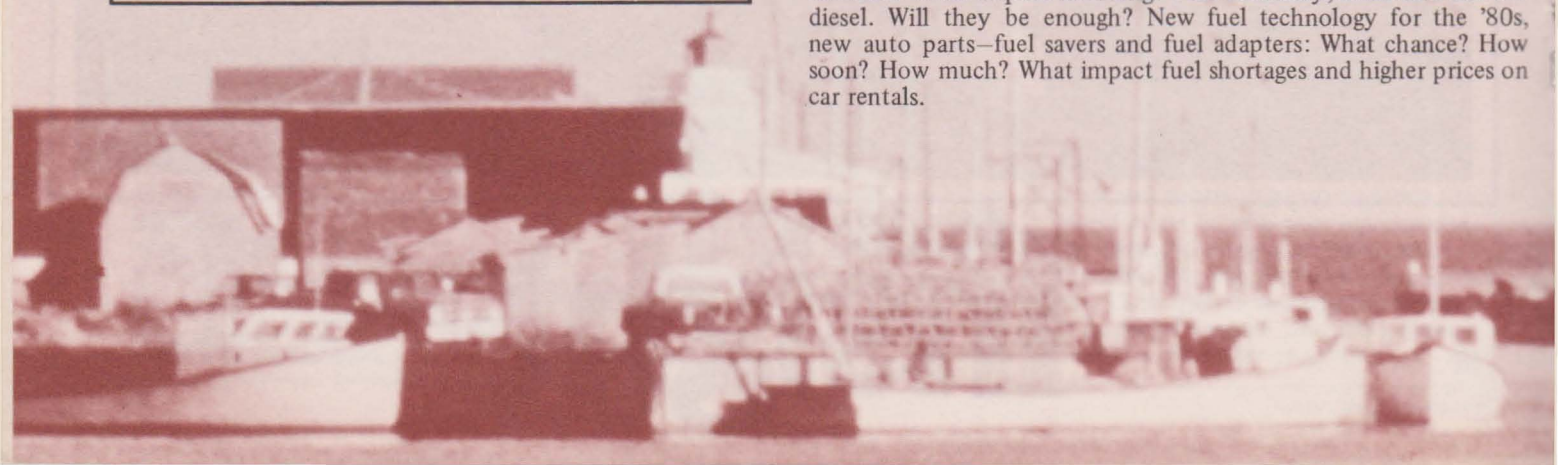
- 1 To draw attention to the potential impact of energy shortages and higher energy prices on tourism in Canada.
- 2 Assuming there are potential and existing energy problems related to either/or supply and price, to provide the tourism industry with an opportunity to plan ahead for the '80s.
- 3 To alert government to the impact on the tourism industry of an energy crisis caused by shortages and increased prices, and to make recommendations for action that the government might take in the best interest of the tourism industry.

PROGRAM SYNOPSIS:

ENERGY I Introduction. Why the conference? What can we accomplish? Ralph Nader, America's most powerful consumer advocate, talks about energy and the consumer. Is there a shortage, are there alternatives?

ENERGY II Canadian energy policy, Petrocan and foreign oil supplies. Canadian energy supplies in the '80s. What chance rationing? How high prices? Will we share with the U.S.? Energy and the economy. Can we afford it? How will it affect discretionary income, travel and recreation?

TRANSPORTATION I Gas pump supplies for the auto. Will there be less; how will the tourist react? First priority—tourist or resident? What impact rationing? Fuel economy, small cars and the diesel. Will they be enough? New fuel technology for the '80s, new auto parts—fuel savers and fuel adapters: What chance? How soon? How much? What impact fuel shortages and higher prices on car rentals.



ENERGY SHORTAGES AFFECTING PRICES ON TOURISM INDUSTRY

TRANSPORTATION II Rail/Bus/Air vs. the auto, changing modes, new relationships when fuel is short and prices are high. Rail-piggyback and fly/rail-drive. New role for car rentals, short trips and mass mode tie-ins. Gasoline shortages, rationing, higher prices. Boom or bust for car rentals? The auto-ferry/ship: Will it be enough to salvage the U.S. auto visitor to Canada. Could rail and ship be the carriers for auto-travel across Canada? Will energy shortages and "Love Boat" revive the cruise business? Vacation cost comparisons. Ocean cruising vs. auto touring. The tourist. Gasoline lineups, rationing, higher prices vs. 30 years of travelling. Will they stay home or continue to travel? How cynical the public? What role can the media play?

THE MARKET The markets for tourists to Canada. Will energy shortages and higher prices change our markets? Psychological factors in the marketplace when transportation fuels are in short supply and are high priced. What happens to vacation planning? What role price, choice of destination, mode of travel? How important is security of gasoline? Will trips be closer to home? Will Americans react negatively to Canada if we boast while they go short? The Tourist Plant. Will destinations replace touring? Will resorts replace the roadside motel? The changing roles of motels in an energy short-environment. What services and activities will the tourist demand from our Tourist Plant if travel is restricted by fuel supply? The big hotel vs. the roadside motel in an energy short environment.

PACKAGING Packaging travel when fuel is short and prices high. Will it provide the security and guarantee? Will mass mode and group travel replace the automobile? Who is our competition? Will it change with changes in energy supplies, higher prices and shrinking dollars?

PROMOTION Selecting the market—differing need and new appeals when gas is short. How important is security of supply and guarantees? The cynical consumer—will he respond to advertising with gas station lineups and \$3.00 a gallon gasoline? How price sensitive is the auto-tourist vs. the fly/ drive or VFR?

SUMMATION Summing up the conference. The situation, tourism/energy futures in the '80s. What changes/planning needed? How critical the problem? Some conclusions or consensus. Calls for recommendations: (a) To the tourist industry. (b) To government.

SPEAKERS & PANELISTS

Jack Austin, Senator, former Deputy Minister of Energy, Mines & Resources Canada

Julian Clopet, President & Chief Executive Officer, Ogilvy & Mather, Canada

Richard Crosby, President, The Creative Research Group Limited

Ralph Fiske, Chairman of the Board, Federal Business Development Bank, Atlantic Region

Arthur Frommer, President, Arthur Frommer International Inc., New York

John Godfrey, President, University of King's College

Martin Goldfarb, President, Martin Goldfarb Assoc. Ltd.

Jerry Goodis, Vice-Chairman, MacLaren Internart Inc.; Chairman of the Board, Goodis, Goldberg, Soren

Michael Hurst, Professor, Florida International University School of Hospitality Management; Vice-President, Marina Bay Hotel/New River Storehouse Restaurant, Fort Lauderdale

Robert Kozminski, President, Budget Auto Canada Ltd.

Patrick J. Lavelle, President, Canadian Automotive Parts

Charles Llewellyn, President, Wandlyn Inns

Charles Lynch, Chief, Southam News Services

Bryce Mackesey, Chairman, Air Canada

Dale Mader, Gasoline Dealers Association of P.E.I.

James D. McNiven, Executive Vice-President, Atlantic Provinces Economic Council

Ralph Nader, U.S. Consumer Advocate

J. Frank Roberts, President, VIA Rail, Canada

B.R. Rubess, President, Volkswagen Canada Ltd.

Robert Taylor, President, Avis Canada, Inc.

Livia M. Thur, Dr., Associate Vice-Chairman, National Energy Board, Canada

Rupert Tingley, President, CN Marine, Canada

Vincent Wasic, President, Hertz Rentals Ltd.

Andrew Wells, Executive Director, The Institute of Man and Resources

John C. Whitaker, former U.S. Under Secretary of the Interior

SEE BACK PAGE FOR LEISURE PROGRAM



GENERAL INFORMATION

Hotel Accommodation

Rooms are reserved at four major hotels in Halifax.

Rates are as follows:

Hotel Nova Scotian:

Single	\$33.00
Double	\$39.00

Citadel Inn:

Single	\$34.50
	\$37.50
Double	\$41.50
	\$44.50

Dresden Arms Motor Hotel:

Single	\$27.00
Double	\$32.00

Holiday Inn:

Single	\$40.50
Double	\$48.00

You may register through **Atlantic Insight** or direct with the hotel.

Registration Fees*

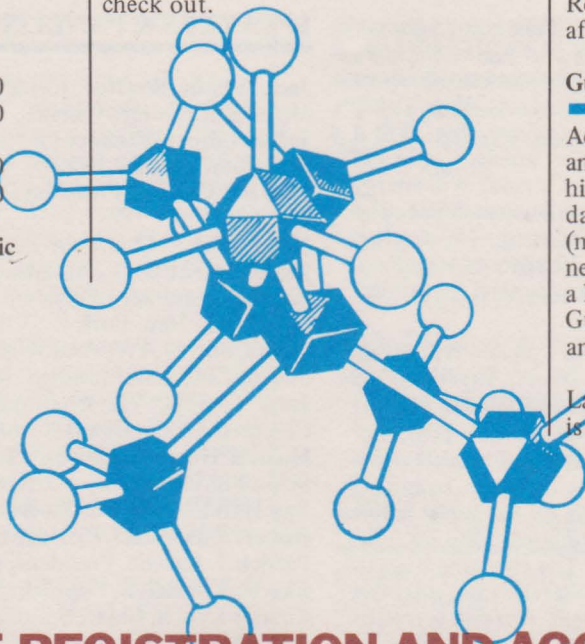
Delegate Fee:	\$290
Guest fee:	\$125

*Includes all luncheons & dinners.

Registration fees non-refundable after October 15, 1979.

How to Register

Complete the attached registration form and return to **Atlantic Insight** with your cheque. Pay only registration fees. Pay hotel costs when you check out.



Registration after October 15th.

If you haven't mailed your registration form and cheque by October 15, please don't. Hotel rooms will be held only until October 15th on a first come, first served basis. There will, however, be a registration desk at the Conference and you can late register at that time.

Cancellation

Cancellations will be accepted without penalty up to Monday, October 15th.

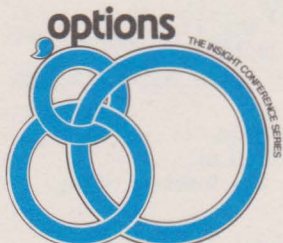
Registration fees are not refundable after October 15th.

Guest Program

Activities are planned for delegates and their guests, including a tour of historic Halifax, receptions, a dinner dance with music by Hi-Octane (musical group of seven who have never experienced an energy shortage), a Nova Scotia night, and many more. Guest registration includes all dinners and luncheons.

Late registration for guest program is \$25.

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- ☐ Single Room
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- ☐ Suite
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Dalton Camp's column



You, too, can win a seat in the Senate. Here's how

A little known fact—in case you were looking for one—is that the Atlantic provinces have more seats in the Senate of Canada than any other region in Canada. Quebec and Ontario each have 24. All of western Canada has 24. We've got 30, a fact which has not eluded the Premier of British Columbia.

But a fig for the complaint of this seeming demographic imbalance from the likes of Bill Bennett (whose father, after all was a New Brunswicker): The Fathers of Confederation builded better than they knew, as we so often say, and the modest bulge in Senate seats they have allowed this region over the others is merely a reflection of a stark reality. Since most of the country's practising politicians are raised here—those elsewhere being mostly statesmen or transients—and the Senate having become, out of custom and usage, a home for retired politicians, it figures. Or, as we also often say, them that has, gets.

Dr. Chreighton L. Morton, professor emeritus of Political Thought at the Jemseg School of Advanced Studies—a scholarly hot-bed not far from my home—has written a little-known and undervalued tome on the subject of the Senate which represents years of research and study. One of his findings, now called the Morton Law of Likely Probability, is that in the appointment of candidates to the Senate, Liberal prime ministers of Canada are more likely to appoint Liberals than Conservatives, or anyone else. But there's yet more in Morton's thesis than that: In his General Rule of Invariable Variables (or Morton's Rule), it is established that Conservative prime ministers are much less likely to appoint Liberals to the Senate than Liberal prime ministers are likely to appoint Conservatives. So that, for example,

Louis St. Laurent once summoned one Tory, John Hackett, to the Senate, which began the practice, and Pierre Trudeau later summoned a fair number of them, including G.I. Smith and Robert Muir, both from Nova Scotia. But there is no record of any Grit being summoned to the Senate by a Tory prime minister.

This is not because Conservative prime ministers are uncharitable. Not necessarily, anyway. It is probably due to the historic tendency of Canadians to elect Liberal governments which, in turn, has meant that most of the retired politicians summoned to the Senate have been Liberals. The Tories, whenever given a chance to govern, have had a lot of catching up to do in the Senate, a circumstance that prevails to this day, where there are hardly enough Tories of the second chamber for a good game of charades.

Thus, for those who aspire to the Senate, and are willing to put themselves out, the first thing to do is become a Conservative. This is not as difficult as it might seem at first light, but even when you do become one, you are still more than a phone call away from being summoned.

It would help, in the pursuit of your ambition, to be either (a) a former provincial PC party leader, or cabinet minister; or (b) a past (or present) president of a PC association, other than for the youth, such as students; or (c) a defeated federal PC candidate on two or more occasions; or (d) a senior party bagman; or (e) occupy a federal seat in opposition which the party in power thinks it can win (called the Muir syndrome); or (f) any combination of the above. Although it may be asking too

much, it would also be of help had you voted for Joe Clark on the first ballot, and know Senator Lowell Murray by his first name. (For those who don't know Lowell Murray by either name, my advice would be that you forget about running for the Senate.)

Additionally, when weighing your prospects for an appointment to Canada's chamber of second thoughts, as the Senate is sometimes called, it occasionally helps if you are a man, or you're not, or Catholic, Protestant, or neither, over 70, or under 50, of French extraction, or otherwise. Finally, it is imperative that you know the Tory premier of your province. If you don't, be sure and make his acquaintance today. (Conservative prime ministers always consult Conservative premiers about Senate appointments.)

As Professor Morton confirms in his work—so remarkably sensible for an intellectual of such lengthy tenure—the sure-fire way of reaching the Senate (unless you're running for the Supreme Court) is to have been a provincial party leader, or at least have made the effort. That's what Senators Malcolm Hollett, Austin Taylor, Henry Hicks, G.I. Smith, Harold Connolly, Louis Robichaud and Earl Urquhart have all had in common.

As a test of Morton's Law, you can look to the Senate vacancies, as this is written, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. And if, by the time you read this, these have been filled by either Richard A. Donahoe, of Halifax, and Cyril B. Sherwood, of Norton, N.B., or both, then you will know the law has not been repealed by Prime Minister Clark. But if neither Donahoe or Sherwood were appointed, then your chances of being summoned soon to the Senate are just as good as mine. Believe me. ☒

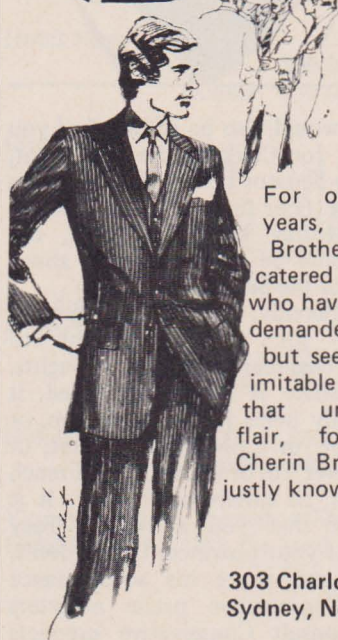
**Up-
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Insight**

Award-winning sportswriter Earl McRae found Atlanta *Flames* hotshot Bobby MacMillan at home on the Island. They talked. McRae said, "Bobby, I now know why you won the Lady Byng," and MacMillan laughed. In November, the full story, here in *Atlantic Insight*.



Award-winning poet Alden Nowlan rambles round Cuba, says, "The Cubans are kinder to outsiders than any people I've met, apart from the Irish and the Newfoundlanders." Still, you wouldn't want to live there. Nowlan tells why in November's *Atlantic Insight*. Watch for it.





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Law and Order

Keeping the peace on the Charlottetown strip

Community work for kids—or a punch in the mouth?

University Avenue, the main entrance to the city of Charlottetown, is a strip that specializes in fast-food outlets and small shopping plazas. Lately it's specialized in something else too: Vandalism, to the tune of \$30,000 a year, is costing some residents up to \$1,500 to protect their homes. It's also sending insurance rates skyrocketing—and other homeowners and businesses out of the area.

The problem centres among juveniles. The number of young people appearing in court has doubled in the past 10 years—and that figure doesn't include all arrests. One family court spokesman says juvenile crime now is more prevalent than adult crime in the city. Drawn to the Avenue by the concentration of retail outlets, the kids spend their money, grow bored and the trouble begins: Broken windows, eggs smashed against houses, damage to children's toys. An elderly woman who's lived in the area for 35 years finds her lawn and patio furniture used as a meeting place for juveniles. Every weekend she clears away their empty beer bottles and other litter. "I don't think they're bad kids," she says, "they just don't seem to have been taught respect for other people or their property." Another resident erected stockade fencing costing \$4,000. Break-ins are becoming more frequent.

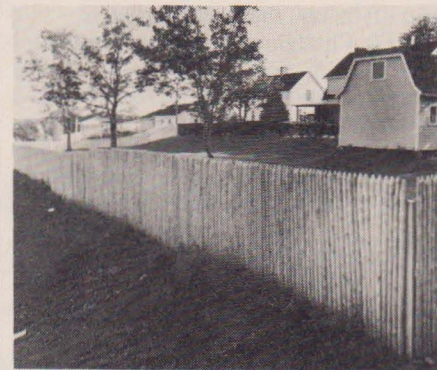
At the other end of the strip the problem is even worse. Incidents of violence and intimidation last year forced four businesses out of the area and one pizza parlor has its fifth set of owners in 10 months. A riot nearly broke out last summer when an irate businessman levelled an unloaded shotgun at swarms of young people harassing his staff and customers. Street gangs accost pedestrians and there have been assaults on late-night patrons.

Many businesses have hired guards or off-duty policemen to keep the rowdiest kids under control. But there's no consensus on solving the problem. Residents and businessmen say the city should act. City officials blame police. Police say it's the city's fault for understaffing and underpaying the force.

Youngsters themselves cite lack of facilities such as discos in the area. But

according to John Evans, director of the YMCA, "Charlottetown has more youth-oriented facilities and programs than any other city of comparable size in Canada. But the kids won't use them." Former policeman Bob Crockett sees another problem: "It's hopeless to arrest these kids. Their attitude is, 'So what, you can't put me in jail anyway.' All you can do is put the run on them, ignore the trouble and hope they won't get into any more trouble that night." Alderman Pat Gaudet, who has business interests on the strip, says the solution is to give the police more power: "Maybe a punch in the mouth will teach these kids some respect for authority."

Professionals in youth work don't agree. John Picketts, a child protection and probation worker with the provincial Department of Social Services,



Fencing cost one resident \$4,000



Aulenback (second from left)... "trouble affects people"

thinks increased awareness of the implications of vandalism is the answer: "All they learn in jail is more sophisticated means of crime." He tries to involve kids in talk sessions with each other, with people on probation and ex-convicts and in constructive leisure activities.

The city's police department is also starting to take action. Last December it hired Constable George Aulenback as youth officer. He sees delinquent kids as soon as they're picked up by police, before they face court charges. If vandalism is involved, the offender and the resident or businessman decide on appropriate reparation. Sometimes the youth is assigned community work, sometimes work for the victim. If the offender co-operates, no charges are laid and there is no criminal record entry. If the youth refuses to co-operate, he goes through the regular court system.

Aulenback thinks the system is effective. "The kids seem to realize the trouble they cause affects people and not just things," he says. "So far all the businesses or individuals involved have been happy with the social repayment scheme. In the first four months I dealt with 33 kids arrested for juvenile crime. Of these I've only had two go as far as court and the reformatory. I feel that's a big step."

Others aren't sure. They feel it's too early for statistics to show how crime is repeated among the kids. And the feeling that a tougher approach works best in dealing with juvenile crime dies hard. Recently two young men and a young woman were convicted of arson in Charlottetown. Each was sentenced to community work and fined \$300. The Crown prosecutor appealed the decision, saying the sentence was too lenient. The appeals court agreed, sentencing the young men to three months, the woman to six months in jail. The court deducted the time the three had spent in community work from their sentences. — Kathy Wood



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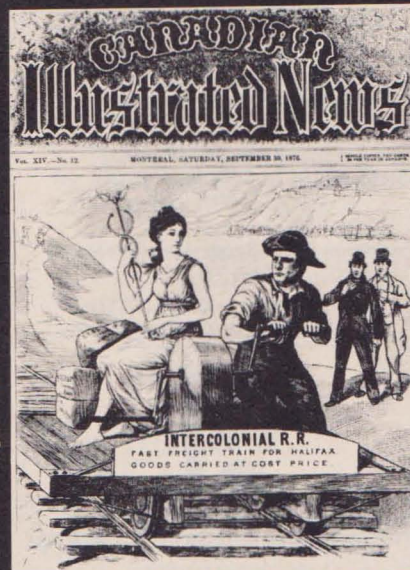
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MANAGEMENT SEMINARS 1979

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Charlottetown
- Oct. 3-4
Writing Effective Letters & Reports
St. John's
- Oct. 4, 15, 22, 29
Stepping Up To Supervisor (Evenings)
Saint John
- Oct. 10-11
Inventory Management
Halifax
- Oct. 10-11
Writing Effective Letters & Reports
Moncton
- TBA
Systems & Procedures (Evenings)
Halifax
- Oct. 15-17
Employment Interviewing
Saint John
- Oct. 15, 22, 29, Nov. 5
Stepping Up To Supervisor (Evenings)
Halifax & St. John's
- Oct. 17
Alcohol & Drugs in the Workplace
Halifax
- Oct. 17-18
Developing & Marketing Successful
Seminars & Conferences
Halifax
- Oct. 23-25
Professional Development for
Secretaries
Halifax
- Oct. 24-26
Fundamentals of Finance & Accounting
Halifax
- Oct. 29-Nov. 1
Project Management
Halifax
- Oct. 30-31
Labour Relations for Supervisors
Halifax
- Oct. 30-Nov. 1
Managing Management Time
St. John's
- Oct. 31, Nov. 7, 14, 21
Stepping Up To Supervisor (Evenings)
Sydney
- Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22
Stepping up to Supervisor (Evenings)
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ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND REGISTRATION



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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Those who go down the road should stay down the road



When I was four years old, my family had a brief fling at living in London, Ont. It didn't work out and they moved back to Nova Scotia. As my sole experience in living in the outer world, it didn't provide me with many useful references. Very few people I meet are interested in hearing about the pony that pulled the little cart around the park. I'm not a dedicated injustice-collector, but that episode drives home a sense of what might have been. Had things worked out differently, I might not have turned out to be one of those people who, faced with the inevitable question, "How long have you lived here?" is compelled to reply, "All my life." These are hard times for the likes of us.

Back in the Fifties, when Walter Gordon helped bring on Diefenbakermania in the east by suggesting that those who lacked work should consider going where it was—specifically to central Canada—going away seems to have had a solid, final quality about it. You were being encouraged to seek your fortune and the ultimate test of success would be never having to come home again, except on a visit.

That idea hung on for quite a while. In the late Sixties a then-Toronto journalist (now closely associated with this magazine) wrote: "I know several Maritimers—real ones, not transplanted ones like me—who are working here in Upper Canada. At night, over their beer or their rum and Coke, they like to talk about the place that, one day soon, they're going to buy down home. But they seldom really get around to buying the place. They do not go home again. For many...the Maritimes may be a nice place to think about but, unless you had a Canadian salary, you wouldn't want to live there."

Right on. Going home again, permanently, was like saying you'd failed to make it, adapt, cut the cord, get into the swing, whatever. When Don Shebib's

film *Goin' Down the Road* came out at about the same time, you knew those two jokers driving The Flame west at the end of the movie were going to make a U-turn somewhere and end up back in Glace Bay because they were obvious losers and losers belonged in Glace Bay.

But then came the Seventies and our discovery as Nirvana East. Coming back down the road developed its own cachet, even its own literature. People found that whatever it was they were searching for, we'd had it all along and they descended on us like a plague of army ants. Whatever we had was analysed, held up to the light, pinched, shaken out, groped, felt and panted over until even the most insensitive among us gagged.

That passed too. Coming back (and talking about it) palled and the Hudson Institute, while continuing to regard the region as Confederation's basket case, snottily observed that the so recently celebrated Atlantic lifestyle was best suited to the needs of elderly retirees from central Canada.

So, did we crank up The Flame again? Not quite. Coming back down the road has given way to going down the road temporarily. Like a Rhodes scholarship or a year at the Sorbonne, it's become that brush with other values which, besides providing you with useful contacts, will enable you to come back home eventually and really contribute. Going away is now the finishing school for half-fledged Atlantic talents and everybody advocates it: Teachers, employers, advisers, but especially friends and acquaintances who've already done their time. If you have none of the last in your life, count yourself blessed.

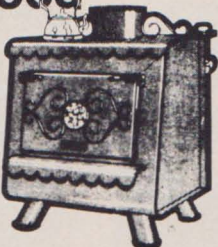
Male or female friends who've been away usually come back looking different. They've lost 10 pounds, had their hair restyled and seem slightly younger or jauntier or something. They remark about things they used to take for

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granted and talk about fresh perspectives. They've often developed new drinking habits and if somebody puts a bottle on the table and suggests a scamper to the bottom of it before it goes bad, they're apt to look pained and order a Perrier with lime twist.

For toe-dragging little sisters and brothers, they have small patience. In fact, they never let you alone and can't understand why you're not burning to hotfoot it off to Toronto and come back a couple of years later with a bagful of fresh perspectives of your own. They tell you that you're wasting your time, smothering your talent and—cardinal sin in the age of self-realization—failing to develop your potential as an individual. If you're not careful, they can make you cry.

This is pretty harrowing stuff and it might induce you to give up and go, if it weren't for one other thing I've noticed: The self-serving touch that colors the advice. Look closely and you will often find that at the same time old friend is stuffing your underwear into your suitcase, bundling you into the car and driving you to the airport, he or she is also reaching for the phone to call your boss and invite him to lunch to discuss the interesting new vacancy in your department.

Just as the idea that travel is broadening was probably invented by a travel agent, so the theory of fresh perspectives can be traced, I'll bet, either to a guy with a fleet of moving vans or some friend, looking eastward toward the sea with nary a job prospect in sight. They won't admit it, of course. They are simply concerned about you, and want to see you become the best that you can be. They are also a terrific pain in the ass. And I'm not going. ☒

Hit'em again—they're still experimenting

When Shannon Burnie agreed to set 58 lobster traps in the Bay of Fundy off-season, he thought it was for a scientific experiment. Federal fisheries biologists at St. Andrews, N.B., are studying lobsters in the bay and they'd got a special permit to set 186 traps. Burnie, who's from Litchfield in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, used his own traps. The problem was, nobody with the fisheries biologists told the local fisheries patrol boat about the study or the special permit. So, ever vigilant, the patrol moved in on Burnie's traps, smashed them to pieces and brought what was left back to the area fisheries office. When last heard from, Burnie was facing a trapless open season and hoping for compensation from federal officials. ☒



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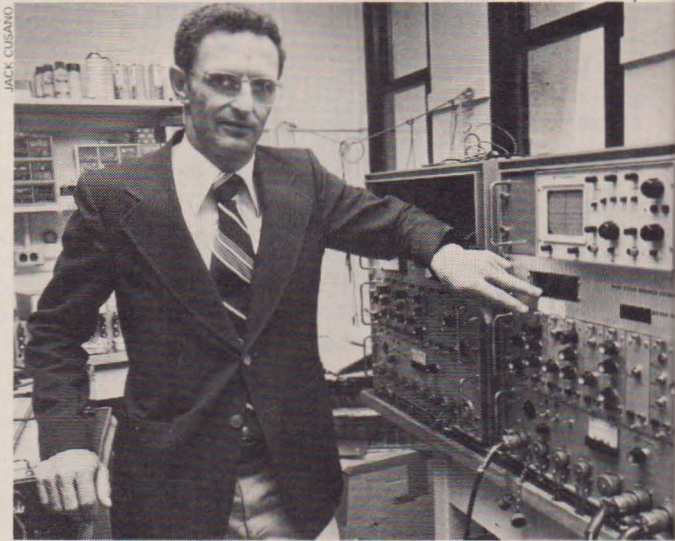
Tom Nickerson is a trim, practical son of Shag Harbour, N.S., who trained as an engineer. As a promoter, he's a bit self-conscious. But he's got a big, glittering idea and, when he explains it, you listen. "During the 1980s," he says, "there should be a Canadian market of at least \$600 million a year for ocean hardware. That's a ten-fold increase. Just half of it down here would mean 10,000 jobs."

Nickerson—a vice-president of the Nova Scotia Research Foundation—is talking about technology to probe, measure, tap, and harvest the wealth of the underwater world. It includes new gear for the fishing industry and a modernized navy. But mostly, he means equipment for the offshore search for oil and gas. In a report to the federal

government, the foundation predicts spending of \$11 billion in Canadian waters during the next decade. If Canada makes the right moves, the report says, it could supply 60% of the goods and services required. "It takes people with a feel for the ocean to create ocean technology," Nickerson says. "Ocean hardware is a real opportunity that makes sense in our part of the country."

But it's also a ferociously competitive, worldwide business. At an offshore trade show in Houston last year, 3,500

exhibitors put their wares on display. The industry requires highly skilled workers, and companies must often wait for years to recover their investment in research and development. Still, Nickerson's message may be getting through. Development programs are under way, and Newfoundland and Nova Scotia are



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already competing to get investment. Unless someone finds oil as well as gas, the payoff could be long in coming, but the promise still glitters. "You can't just sit back and wait for the oil to be found," Nickerson says. "You have to be ready with what the oil companies want when they want it. Otherwise, they'll go to Houston or Europe for it."

Newfoundland and Labrador: As the oil rigs drew near, Newfoundland adopted a new motto: "Never again. No more resource ripoffs." Petroleum Regulations now require oil companies to give preference to local workers and suppliers, fund training programs, and back research and development by Newfoundland firms. This year, the oil companies are spending \$250 million. At peak season, 700 Newfoundlanders worked on the drilling rigs and supply ships, and the monthly payroll touched \$800,000.

"The regulations are working well," Stuart Peters says. He's a vice-president of Crosbie Enterprises, which handles the supply contracts. "We're getting a lot of work because of them." Oil companies are paying \$2.5 million to local scientists for environmental research, and a provincial Crown agency, Newfoundland Oceans Research and Development Corp., won the contracts to provide weather data. Jan Furst, NORDCO's president says, "If there had been no regulations, all that work would have gone to Houston."

Premier Brian Peckford's senior policy adviser, Cabot Martin, claims the regulations have already achieved their goals. A couple of mainland firms did try to set up dummy operations to qualify for preferential treatment, but such tactics aren't a big problem. "This is a small community," Martin says. "It's not hard to detect if a company is not being sincere."

Nova Scotia: More than 1,200 scientists, engineers and technicians do marine research at seven labs in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. That should mean a lot of industrial spinoffs. But it doesn't. "The scientists say there aren't enough people in industry who can talk at their level," Don Patton says. He's a business professor at Dalhousie University. "And most of them are federal civil servants with all kinds of restraints on what they can do to develop a product."

To encourage spinoffs, the province proposes an eight-year, \$30-million plan for an Ocean Industrial Park on the Dartmouth waterfront; tax-breaks and incentives; and an Ocean Industries Authority to promote development. The money, of course, would come from Ottawa, and late in August, there was a chance the federal cabinet would approve the plan this autumn.

Meanwhile, some of the 25 ocean-related firms in Nova Scotia have

become downright uneasy about Newfoundland's Petroleum Regulations. "It will be a shame if we have to set up a shop in St. John's," says Graham Smith of Hermes Electronics, Dartmouth. "It's just going to increase our costs. But we may have to do it."

New Brunswick: Arthur Parks, secretary to the Cabinet Committee on Economic Development says, "We have a locational disadvantage. No one is doing any drilling in our waters." But New Brunswick has an eye on oil and gas reserves in the Arctic. The Saint John Shipyard is one of the best in Canada and the Irving interests, who own it, have a key to the petroleum-

industry clubhouse. There are therefore hopes for a contract to build ice-breaking tankers. "It would be nice," Parks admits, "to get a corner on some of that Arctic technology."

Prince Edward Island: The fishing industry is strong, so who needs a lot of fancy hi-tech industry? Island boatyards are booked through next year, and manufacturers are busy making new fish-processing equipment. But Norman Hall, an official in the Industry Department, recalls the rigs that worked offshore for a season in 1976: "We're still hopeful. They may return after they've finished in other areas."

—Ian Porter

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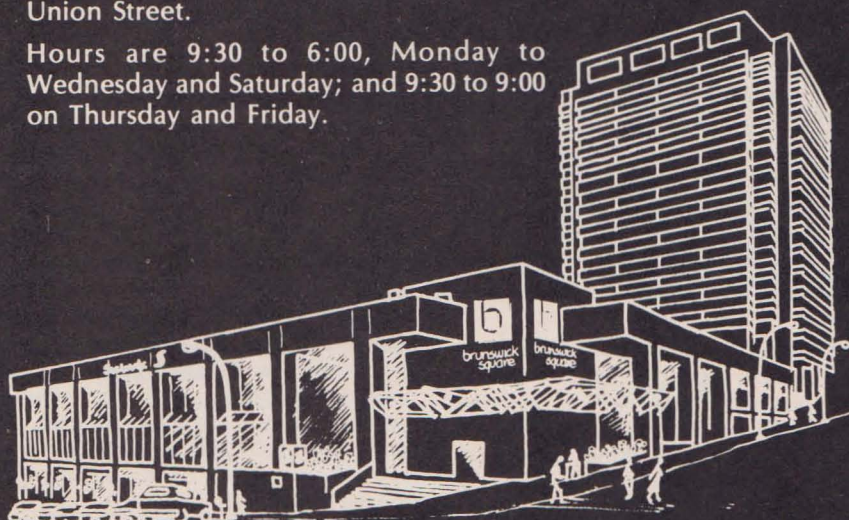


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Crafts

Lucie Wttewaall is no ordinary Baroness

She's also a silversmith from Sussex, N.B.

The cottage stands at the end of a lane in the middle of the small dairy town of Sussex, N.B. Inside the large, sunny parlor are Chippendale chairs made especially for the Dutch royal family. There's an ornately carved mid-sixteenth-century bench of tropical wood and, on one wall, a pre-Rembrandt painting on oak. The effect is intimidating, or would be if the owner, Lucie Wttewaall, Baroness van der Feltz of Holland, a direct descendant of William the Silent, weren't a vivacious woman

Sussex from a train window and been entranced by its quiet beauty. He chose to settle here with his wife and family.

They built up a successful greenhouse business. "We had wonderful success with freesia, a sweet-scented African flowering plant which we even shipped to Halifax florists," says the Baroness. In 1953 Dr. Ivan Crowell, a New Brunswick pewterer, offered some courses in his craft and the Wttewaalls attended. From then on, designing and creating silver jewelry was their main interest. From their little studio they shipped original pieces to craft outlets all over the province and to boutiques from coast to coast.

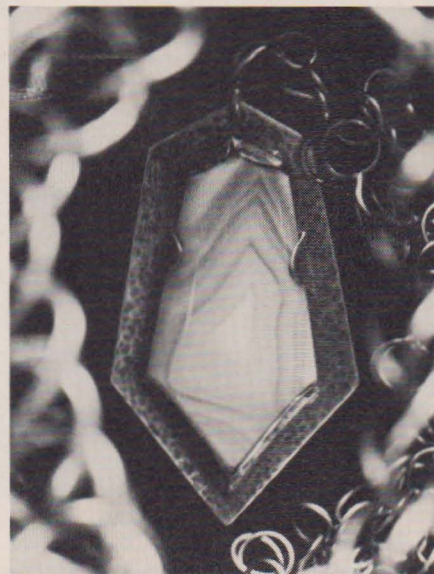
The Baroness, now a widow, still produces the jewelry, much of it for an appreciative younger market. "I'm old," she says, admitting to 78 years, "but I like modern things." The fiddlehead is a prominent design theme and the pieces have a simple Scandinavian elegance, although the Baroness has never visited those countries and insists the designs come from her own head. "It is no trouble to design," she says. "I always have another design in my head, ready."

She's taught in craft schools at Fundy National Park and elsewhere and instructed private students. Recently she decided to cut back on these activities. But since she can seldom say no to special students who seek her out, she usually has an apprentice or two in tow.

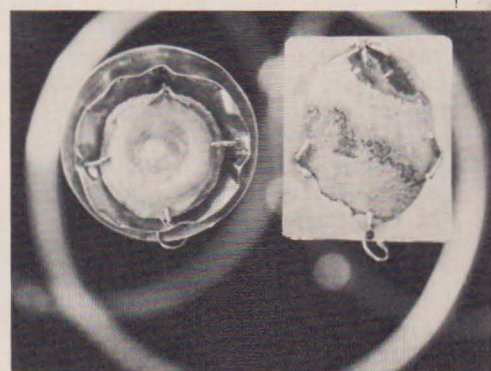
Of her talent as a silversmith she says simply, "It is something for which I am only thankful, not proud, that I have that gift." She is more effusive in expressing her thankfulness for her unique relationship with her adopted countrymen and women. Modest and genuinely open-hearted, she's loved by New Brunswickers and returns the affection in full measure. "I have learned so much from the Maritimes," she says, "because the people here are so very special, so modest, so kind. Everything I learned is for the best."

Just as you've decided the Baroness really has submerged herself in Lucie Wttewaall, New Brunswick artisan, she shoves a hand-blown glass jar into your hands and invites you to examine it. "It's from the Holy Roman Empire," she says, "1500 or probably earlier." As you realize you're holding in shaking hands something which belongs in the

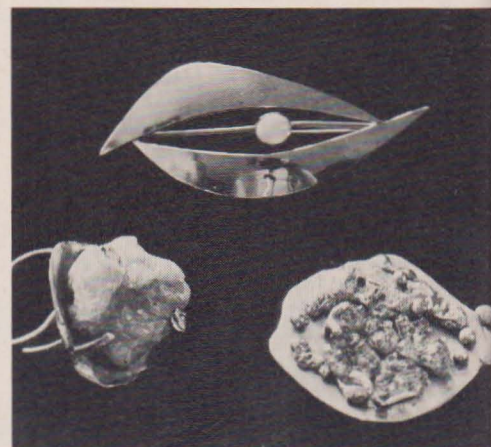
Vatican Museum and hurriedly hand the treasure back, the room fills with the woman's irreverent laughter. You realize that this is no ordinary woman. And no ordinary Baroness. —Colleen Thompson



Younger people love the jewellery



The Baroness always has new designs



"A simple, Scandinavian elegance"



MARTIN FLEWELLING

Loved by N.B., she loves it back

who puts visitors at ease.

"A super aristocrat," is how Fredericton pewterer Phillip Aitken describes her. New Brunswick's crafts community knows her as a talented silversmith. Friends and neighbors in Sussex and around the province put it more simply: "A perfect dear...one of us."

Born to nobility and married into the aristocratic Wttewaall family, the Baroness found her early life in Holland restrictive. "I would have liked to go with everybody the way it is here but it was not always possible." In 1938 she and her husband, Barth, became alarmed at the rise of Nazism in Europe, and especially by its effect on the schools. They had two sons, aged 11 and 12. On a previous visit to Canada, Barth Wttewaall had glimpsed the town of

Calendar

NOVA SCOTIA

Oct. - N.S. Voyageurs play - Oct. 11, Syracuse Firebirds; Oct. 19, 21, Hershey Bears; Oct. 24, N.B. Hawks, Metro Centre, Halifax

Oct. 1 - 14 - Annapolis Valley Harvest Festival

Oct. 1 - 15 - Glooscap Country Bazaar, Economy, Colchester Co.

Oct. 1 - 27 - N.S. Children's Art Exhibition, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Oct. 1 - Nov. 11 - Robert Frank: Photographs, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Oct. 1 - Nov. 14 - N.S. Designer Craftsmen '79, Bridgewater

Oct. 6 - 13 - Atlantic Winter Fair, Windsor

Oct. 11 - The King's Singers, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Oct. 11 - 29 - Young Contemporaries: An exhibit by artists under 30, Art Gallery of N.S.

Oct. 12, 13 - Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Dalhousie Arts Centre

Oct. 14 - Armed Forces Day, Greenwood

Oct. 15 - Nov. 1 - The Little Boats, Pictou

Oct. 17, 18 - British Comedy: "Oh! Sir James!!!" Dalhousie Art Centre

Oct. 19, 20 - Maritime Antique Show and Sale, Halifax

Oct. 31 - Mahone Bay Founder's Festival, closing ceremonies, Mahone Bay

NEW BRUNSWICK

Oct. - The Atlantic Symphony Orchestra; Oct. 30, Moncton; Oct. 31, Saint John

Oct. - N.B. Hawks play - Oct. 13, 14, Syracuse Firebirds; Oct. 18, Hershey Bears; Oct. 23, N.S. Voyageurs; Oct. 28, 30, Maine Mariners, Moncton Coliseum

Oct. - Theatre New Brunswick presents "18 Wheels," Oct. 6 - 13, Fredericton; Oct. 15, St. Stephen; Oct. 16, Edmundston; Oct. 17, Campbellton; Oct. 18, Dalhousie; Oct. 19, Bathurst; Oct. 20, Chatham; Oct. 22 - 23, Dieppe; Oct. 24, Sussex; Oct. 25 - 27, Saint John

Oct. 1, 4, 8 - Harness Racing, Fredericton Raceway

Oct. 1 - 26 - William Kurelek "A Prairie Summer" - paintings, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 8 - 27 - Anne Savage Exhibition, Campbellton

Oct. 15 - Dec. 31 - N.B. Juried Craft Show, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 16 - The Toronto Dance Theatre, Sackville

Oct. 24 - Nov. 25 - Eight Contemporary Romanian Painters, Mount Allison University, Sackville

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Oct. 1 - International Music Day Festival, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Oct. 3 - 28 - Abstract paintings in the permanent collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Oct. 3 - 28 - John Gothard Baker, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 4 - 28 - Island Images '79: An exhibit of contemporary Island art, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 10 - Famous People Players, Confederation Centre

Oct. 17 - "18 Wheels," Confederation Centre

Oct. 20 - The Toronto Dance Theatre, Confederation Centre

Oct. 22 - Mermaid Puppet Theatre, Confederation Centre

Oct. 27 - A Breath of Scotland: Scottish music, dance, comedy, Confederation Centre

NEWFOUNDLAND

Oct. - "Oh! Sir James!!!" Arts and Culture Centre, Oct. 6 - 9, St. John's, Oct. 10, Gander; Oct. 11, Grand Falls; Oct. 12, Corner Brook; Oct. 13, Stephenville

Oct. - Maxim Muzumdar and Paul Crossley, Arts and Culture Centre, Oct. 1, St. John's; Oct. 5, Corner Brook; Oct. 9, Stephenville

Oct. 4 - Charlie Pride, Humber Gardens, Corner Brook

Oct. 6 - Team Race, Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club, Conception Bay

Oct. 6 - 8 - Annual Agricultural Fair, Jeffrey's

Oct. 7 - Nov. 15 - Gerald Squires: Ferryland Downs Series, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Oct. 15 - Nov. 15 - Other Perspectives: Landscapes of Newfoundland and Labrador, Corner Brook

Oct. 15 - Nov. 15 - Back to Back: Fletcher and Hofsetter, Grand Falls

Oct. 15 - Nov. 15 - Frank Lapointe, Gander

Oct. 15 - Nov. 15 - Stephen Payne: Photographs, Stephenville

Oct. 20 - Anchormen Chorus, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

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Sports

Canada's basketball capital is in the Maritimes. Here's why

At dawn on a frosty March morning last spring, Brian Heaney was praying into the bedside telephone in his Calgary hotel room. Just a few hours earlier, he had been using more worldly incantations to urge his Saint Mary's Huskies on to the 90-83 win over the University of Victoria that gave them another Canadian college basketball title. But now, with the noisy post-game parties finally giving way to sleep, Heaney was quietly savoring his victory in a long-distance prayer with Reverend J.J. Hennessey, the Jesuit *éminence grise* of SMU athletes for more than two decades. Though it was primarily a prayer of thanksgiving, there was also—for Heaney—an unspoken plea for other-worldly guidance.

After eight years as the driving force behind the spectacular surge of basketball as a spectator sport in the Maritimes, Heaney was thinking of moving on. A few weeks later it was announced that Heaney had accepted a lucrative, long-term contract to set up a major basketball program at the University of Alberta.

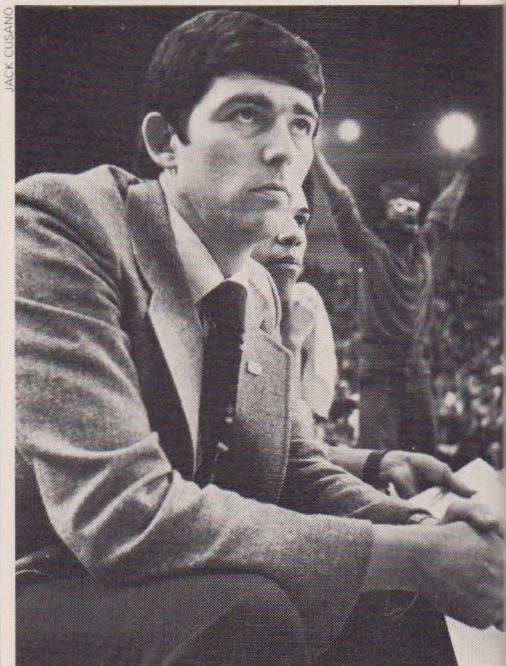
Can basketball's success here survive Heaney's departure?

"Everybody can be replaced," allows Jimmy Collins, a local Heaney protégé who is an assistant basketball coach at SMU, "but if there's an exception to that rule, it would be Heaney. He's very special."

To understand just how important Heaney has been to the development of basketball in the region, you have to know what it was like before he arrived at Saint Mary's in 1971. Until then, basketball was the *other* major college sport, somewhat more important than track and field as a spectator attraction but well out of the running for fans and funds in competition with football or hockey. Earlier trail-blazers like the late Stu Aberdeen—the Acadia coach who first brought a young New York City hotshot named Brian Heaney to Acadia as a player—tried to improve the calibre of the competition, but they were hamstrung by a lack of facilities. "It's been a hard sell," Frank Baldwin says. He's the basketball development co-ordinator for Sport Nova Scotia and a former basketball coach at Saint Mary's. "No matter how attractive the game might have been, you couldn't expose it to more

than a thousand people at the gym level."

Even two Halifax basketball aficionados, Claude MacLachlan and Joel Jacobson, who set out in the Sixties to prove that Maritime basketball could hold its own with the best in the United States, finally had to concede defeat. The Bluenose Classic, the invitational tournament they established, "proved our colleges could compete favorably," Jacobson says, "but without a proper facility, it was just too much for two men to run."



Heaney: Will the bubble burst without him?

Though Heaney's arrival coincided nicely with a decision by the Halifax Forum Commission to buy a basketball floor so the game could finally be seen by large audiences, the sport still might not have captured the fancy of fans and media if not for Heaney's flair. He had a way of making the press sit up and take notice of the game. "Heaney was always on the phone with some idea or another to stir up interest in the game," a Halifax sports reporter remembers. "If it had been anyone else, all those phone calls and gimmicks might have been resented, but Heaney had something about him that made people want to help."

The result was that when the Canadian Intercollegiate Basketball

Championship was staged at the new Halifax Metro Centre in 1978, 28,000 fans were there for the action. A Canadian record crowd of 11,000 showed up for the final contest between Atlantic arch-rivals Saint Mary's Huskies and Acadia Axemen. Throughout the Heaney years, basketball was indeed something to write home about. The Atlantic Conference is now the best in Canada. Saint Mary's, Acadia, and St. Francis Xavier are all nationally ranked and the University of Prince Edward Island is emerging as a contender.

Heaney's tenure has not been without controversy. Many people—especially losing coaches from western Canada—argued that the Atlantic Conference was only as good as the Americans they recruited. In 1973, after Saint Mary's—with six Americans on its 12-man roster—walked away with Canadian championship, the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union went so far as to impose a new rule limiting the number of imports to three per team. Although four American players in Nova Scotia successfully argued that the CIAU ruling was discriminatory in a hearing before the province's Human Rights Commission, the restriction has continued to be applied. It hasn't, however, noticeably crimped either the style or success of the Atlantic Conference. Acadia won the national title in 1977 and Saint Mary's extended the Atlantic domination with back-to-back Canadian championships in 1978 and 1979.

Most Maritime basketball supporters argue that the influx of Americans was, and is, good for the game. It made it more exciting to watch, and many of the Americans have remained in the region after their playing careers to help develop local talent. Four coaches in the Atlantic Conference, for example, are former import stars.

"God bless the Americans," Frank Baldwin argues impatiently when the subject is brought up. "They've had such a positive effect on all of us and particularly our young people." Even Heaney, however, concedes that the restriction on the number of imports was probably an idea whose time had come. "It stepped up local development," he admits, adding that "in 1979, we're still competitive and still winning national championships."

But can Saint Mary's—without the guiding presence of their Yankee dynamo—make it three titles in a row? Can the league find another pitchman of Heaney's stature to keep the fans coming out? Basketball fans await the start of the 1980 season to find out. What they already know, however, is that, thanks largely to his effort, the Maritimes are now Canada's basketball capital.

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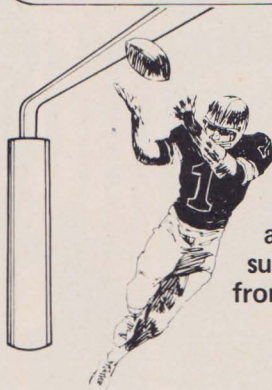
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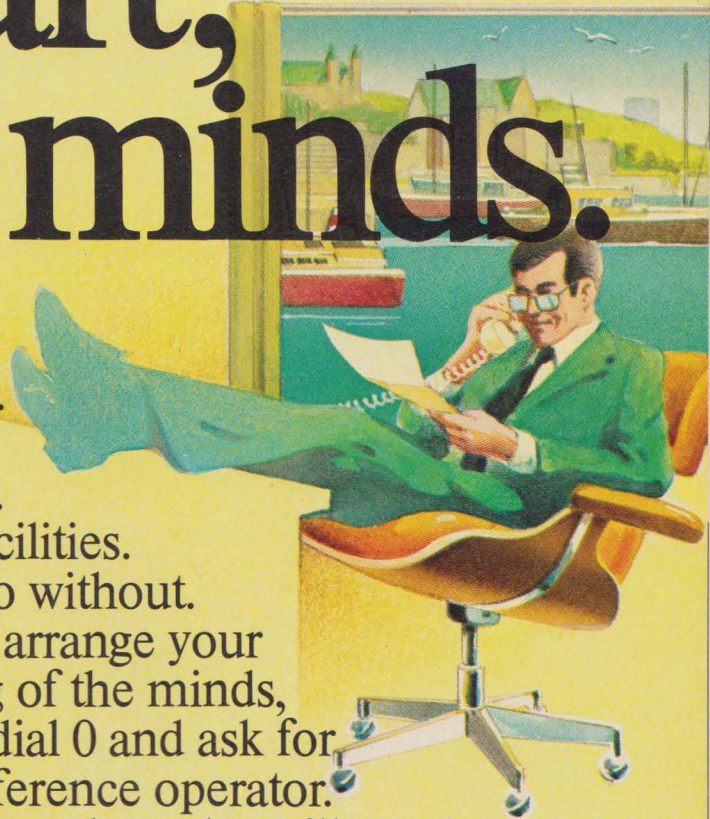
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Dining out

Thanksgiving at Kings Landing

*N.B.'s feast is one to end them all.
You can even win a turkey*

Ted Eaton, vicar of the little church at Kings Landing, New Brunswick's re-created historical settlement, is used to having his Thanksgiving service interrupted by gunshot. He knows it's not a restaging of some old battle or a fake Indian attack. The crackling volleys come from the turkey shooting grounds nearby where hundreds of visitors each year try their skill with the old muskets in an attempt to win one of the big birds.

"Of course," admits Ted, "no one ever tells them what they're going to win is a *live* turkey. The look on their faces when it's presented is part of the fun." No one at the village knows what might happen at the U.S. border if an unsuspecting customs officer opens the car trunk of an American tourist marksman and confronts a live turkey.

It's all part of Kings Landing's easy-going ambience and the relaxed formula—if firing off muskets and chasing live turkeys can be considered relaxed—seems to work. As a tourist attraction, the settlement keeps drawing visitors long after the official season is over, so many, in fact, that this year it will stay open for three walking tours a day and school group visits until the first week in December.

But it's the Thanksgiving festivities that really put the capper on the year. The raggle-taggle militia is on hand, loading muskets, arguing over who's wearing whose pants and cheering on their fearless captain in his attempt to block intruders from invading the Kings Head Inn. Over in the Morehouse kitchen, Muriel Walker is demonstrating the art of making goat's cheese. Unless your nose is stuffed up it should lead you easily to the Perley house with its sharp tang of pickling spices and vinegar.

The focus of the whole settlement at this time of year is the Kings Head Inn—and not just because of the delights of its more than 100-year-old tap room. True, draft beer and cider sipped in its cosy, Old English atmosphere do seem to take on a nectar-like quality. But what keeps visitors lingering is a mouth-watering, tantalizing aroma that brings back a flood of memories: The smell of slowly roasting turkey.

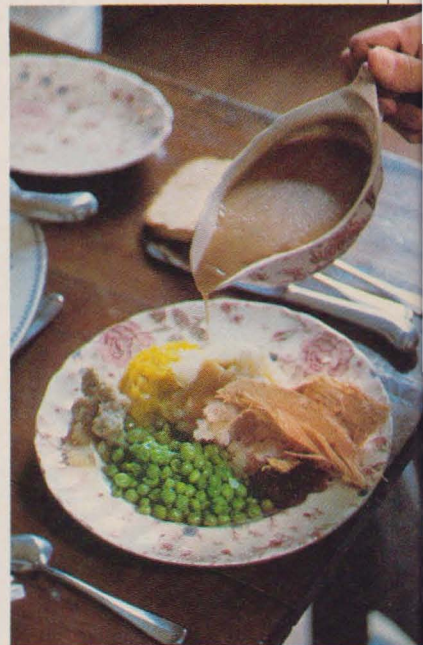
For the three days of Thanksgiving weekend the costumed staff at the Inn serves up traditional dinners guaranteed to sabotage any diet. Guests, seated in authentic arrow-back chairs at the polished wood table, confront a feast that alone could have been responsible for inventing the phrase "groaning board." Mounds of creamy potatoes and butter-laden squash. Sweet green peas, rosy dishes of real cranberry sauce, home-made relishes and rich gravy. At the centre is the huge, golden turkey, redolent of sage and onion dressing. Baskets of fresh, crusty brown bread fill every other available spot on the table. Some hearty souls have even been known to last through dessert: Pumpkin pie with whipped cream.



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...you might even find room for dessert

When the coffee's finally poured, the great fireplaces blaze and the sound of singing drifts in from the next room, you do begin to feel thankful for whatever kind fate made you an Atlantic Canadian at this time, sharing this feast. By then—especially if you've downed more than one cider with a tot of rum—you'll undoubtedly raise your cup to the Queen, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Loyalists and Acadians, the Kings Head Inn and, with some complacent regret, to those dear, deprived sisters and brothers who live in exile in other parts of Canada.

— Colleen Thompson

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Secrets of a good Newfoundland cook

She's Marie Whelan and, when it comes to fish, turnip and rhubarb, she's unbeatable

By Susan Sherk

I believe in taste and touch," says Marie Whelan, a St. John's resident who's proud to be called a down-home, plain-style country cook. She learned from her mother: "I was reared in a house where good eating and good cooking were important." Her children—five sons and a daughter—made every meal a full table and brought her in touch with groups who asked her to "cook for this and bake for that." She always found time and soon became known around town as a good "Newfoundland cook." Her interest in gardening, decorating and flowers added the individual touches her admirers prize.

Born in Halifax, Marie married a Newfoundlander and came to the province in 1949. Her cooking style consists of a generous helping of Newfoundland sprinkled with a dash of Nova Scotia. She's cool toward exotic dishes but loves to experiment with traditional ingredients such as seafood, turnip and rhubarb. Fish of any kind is one of her favorites. She looks for it at two small fish plants in Quidi Vidi, at the edge of the city's eastern limits. Sometimes she'll drive to Beck's Cove on the waterfront in downtown St. John's where fishermen sell their catch from open stalls recently built to replace their traditional wheelbarrows. She also frequents Badcock's, a local fish store which has almost everything, "but no mussels," she laments.

Sadly, Marie admits, it's sometimes difficult to "find a bit of fresh fish in St. John's." To Newfoundlanders fish means cod. Anything else is salmon, halibut or sole. Whenever Marie can get good seafood, she cooks up a big feed. "Most people make the mistake of overcooking fish," she says, "but you shouldn't. It dries it out."

In the fall, roads coming into St. John's are littered with pick-up trucks, their hoods loaded with cabbages, carrots, potatoes and turnips. If Newfoundland has a claim to food fame other than fish, it's the superior tasting sweet swede turnip. Rhubarb, too, is a maritime tradition. Marie gathers it from her backyard kitchen garden, four blocks from the waterfront. She pulls a few stalks from between the snow peas and her grandmother's peonies and offers a word of advice: Never cut the stalks, yank them. It makes your rhubarb grow larger each year. Most Newfoundlanders use rhubarb for tarts or for pickles and jam. Marie also uses it for pies, topped with meringue.

A widow for nine years, Marie enjoys having her large house filled with the sounds of teen-agers. But as the boys move out she's planning for the years ahead: She has studied at Memorial University for two years to become a school librarian, and only has to complete two courses to get her B.Ed. Reading, gardening and crafts are her hobbies. Cooking is a way of life but, as she says, "It's nice to enjoy something you do a lot."

Turnip Fluff

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 medium turnip | ¼ cup brown sugar |
| 1/3 cup light cream | 2 tbsp. cream of wheat |
| 1 beaten egg | salt and pepper to taste |
| 3 tbsp. melted butter | sprinkling of nutmeg |

Peel turnip, cut in pieces and cook until tender in salted water. Drain and mash well. Add other ingredients. Turn into greased one-quart casserole and bake at 350°F. for about 40 minutes.

Rhubarb Meringue Pie

- 1 uncooked 9-inch pastry shell
- 3-3½ cups rhubarb cut into ½-inch pieces
- 2 tbsp. melted butter
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 3 egg yolks



Beat egg yolks and gradually add sugar and flour mixed. Fold in rhubarb and melted butter. Fill unbaked shell. Bake 10 minutes at 450°F. Reduce heat and continue to bake for 30 minutes at 350°F. When cool cover with meringue made from 3 egg whites, 6 tbsp. sugar and ¼ tsp. cream of tartar beaten together. Bake at 350°F. until golden.

Baked Stuffed Whole Fish (Cod, Haddock, etc.)

Clean fish, remove head, tail and fins. Cut out backbone. Wash, dry and sprinkle inside with salt. Stuff fish loosely with the stuffing ingredients (see below), place on well-greased double layer of foil and put in greased baking dish. The foil, which should be left open, makes it easier to transfer fish to serving dish when it is cooked. Dot with butter. Bake at 450°F. allowing 12 minutes for each inch of stuffed thickness.

Olive and Rice Stuffing

¾ cup chopped onion	1 cup chopped stuffed olives
1 cup chopped celery	¼ tsp. savory
¼ cup margarine	¼ tsp. rosemary
1/3 cup cooked rice	salt and pepper.

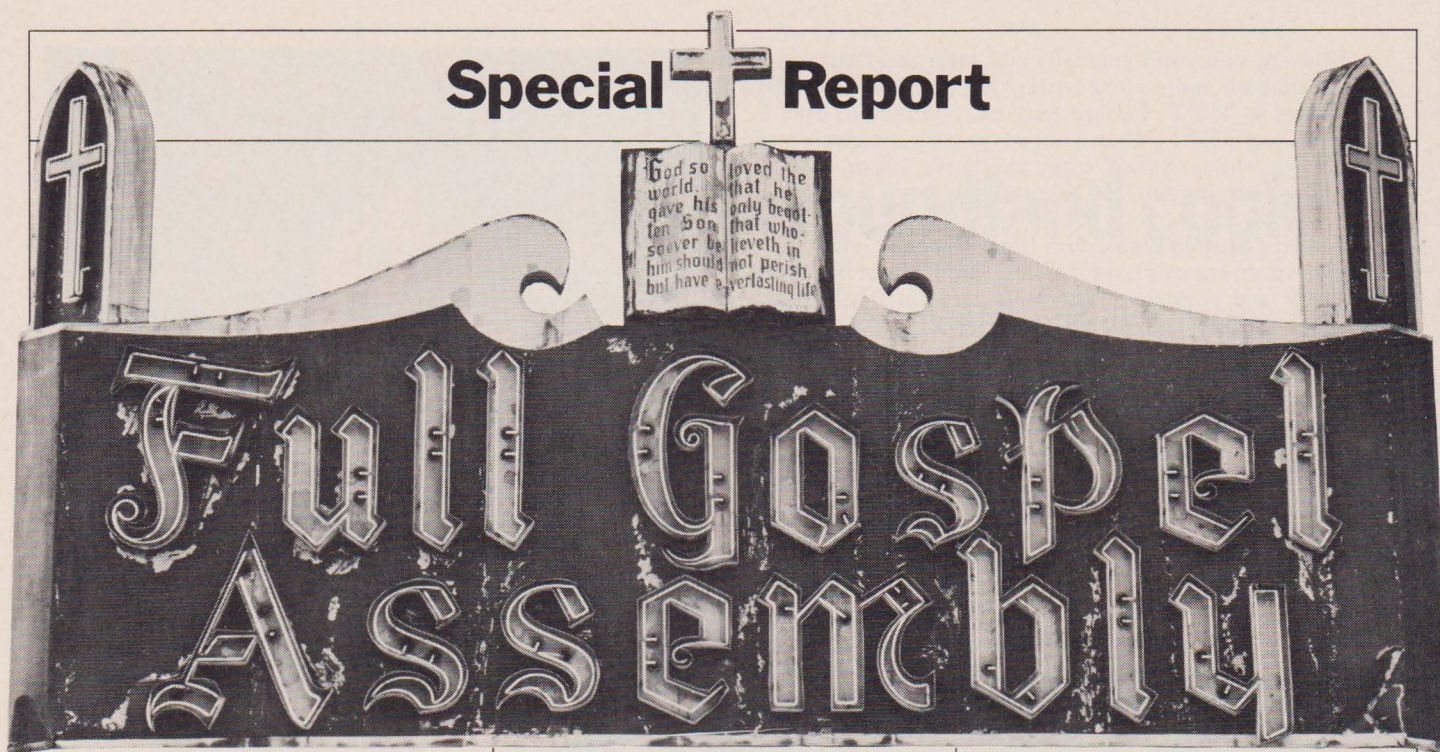
Melt margarine in pan. Sauté onion and celery 3 minutes. Add rice, olives, savory, rosemary. Salt and pepper to taste.



Marie Whelan cooks with "a generous helping of Newfoundland and a dash of Nova Scotia." She never overdoes fish



Special Report



Old-time religion

*By Marilyn MacDonald,
research by Betsy Chambers*

The sermon—many prefer to call it the message—is over. People shift in their seats, not uncomfortably, but in anticipation. If it's been a good night, if the hymns have poured out with gusto, touching nerves grown numb since childhood, if the preaching's rung with certitude, insisting on the accessibility of answers to all life's questions, if the mind has been stilled, the heart touched, the response will be almost immediate:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed
for me
And that Thou bidst me come to
Thee
O Lamb of God, I come

It is the altar call, the ultimate moment of every evangelical religious meeting since the days of tents, sawdust and hard benches. The decision for Christ. The spontaneous surrender to an irresistible impulse to change your life, find peace, get right with God. You've seen it on television: Shadow-bodies moving out from the great dark mass, moving toward the preacher and the improvised altar below him.

From October 26-30 the dark mass of seekers will occupy the 10,000-seat Halifax Metro Centre. The event is the

Billy Graham Crusade, bringing to the region for the first time in 15 years the man one southern U.S. Baptist called "the nearest thing to Jesus on this earth...sort of like Christ's American son." For a spontaneous, emotional moment the altar call at Metro Centre will be the culmination of a lot of careful preparation. It began about six years ago when local clergymen started negotiating to bring Graham back to Halifax. Last February the Atlantic Crusade set up a full-time office which will stay open until December, employing about 14 local people at its peak of activity, with trained advance men from the Billy Graham Evangelical Association and even BGEA's revered gospel singer George Beverly Shea winging in for periodic pep rallies. The price tag for the four-day event will be just under a quarter of a million dollars, all of it raised by a local finance committee. The Crusade is incorporated under terms which forbid it to raise funds through bank loans. All contracts have escape clauses and become void if Graham dies.

It's not snake oil and hallelujahs, but neither is most of what's going on in old-time religion these days. At churches like Halifax's Faith Tabernacle, a member of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, the atmosphere is more casual than in the mainline churches but the hymns are standard and the Sunday-scrubbed crowds models of middle-class values. Perry F. Rockwood, best known of Atlantic Canada's evangelists, runs his 32-year-old radio show *The People's Gospel Hour* from Nova Scotia with a budget of \$1.7 million. On television, religious shows are moving out of the ghetto of low audience time slots and into prime time. One—*Jim Bakker's PTL*

Club—advertises itself as the fastest-growing talk show in Atlantic Canada.

Old-time religion is no longer the crutch, or the preoccupation of the poor and dispossessed. Early this year a Gallup poll financed by 29 religious groups in the U.S. showed that 34% of those questioned considered themselves born-again Christians. In an analysis of the survey results, George Gallup Jr. suggested that traditional clergy perhaps were unprepared to "deal with religious experience" and even recommended a special ministry for "those people who are all charged up about their faith."

Gallup was getting at a real problem in fundamentalist religion's attempt to cope with its brand-new mass audience: The collision of evangelical fervor with middle-class material values. Today's seekers, while vaguely conscious of their spiritual needs, are too comfortable for the old pitch which advised acceptance of life as an inevitably bitter experience with the good part to come later for those who believe. Laying up treasure in heaven looks less urgent when you've laid by a Winnebago in the driveway. It helps if God loves Woolco.

All this may require a special ministry. But it's long since had its high priest in the man who'll be the star attraction in Halifax later this month. Billy Graham last visited the region in 1964 for an outdoor rally on Citadel Hill which drew 30,000. It was the capper on a three-week crusade at the Halifax Forum run by Graham's brother-in-law, Rev. Leighton Ford. Bringing Graham back was a process initiated by Dr. Harland Hastings, a resident of Halifax and formerly the evangelist's personal physician. After several years of negotiation, Graham announced his acceptance

of the local invitation late in 1978.

The Crusade organization, a powerhouse operation, was officially functioning within a few months. The office staff includes secretaries and receptionists, a special secretary for the youth and student committees and one for the 750-voice choir, the 500 ushers and the out-of-town delegations. Groups will attend the crusade from other provinces in the region; one is coming from Ontario where Graham staged a successful Toronto crusade last year.

Specially trained workers with the BGEA began holding one-day rallies in different regional locations in September. John Wesley White, who works out of Graham's Canadian head office in Winnipeg, has been meeting with church groups in the area. He'll brief Graham thoroughly on church conditions and local affairs before the crusade begins.

There are 15 administrative committees: Arrangements, counselling and follow-up, delegations, finance, ladies,

laymen, ministers, music, special outreach, ushering, visitation, youth, Operation Andrew (a group responsible for urging people they know to attend crusade meetings), professional, and public relations. All are headed by Halifax-Dartmouth metro residents.

Crusade organizers look for the support of individual parishes or congregations rather than denominations. When it comes, it comes more readily from the evangelical churches. In Atlantic Canada, that means Baptists, Wesleyans, Mennonites, The Church of the Nazarene, the Salvation Army and the Christian Reformed Church. The United, Anglican and Presbyterian churches are divided in their support of the crusade with Roman Catholic participation limited (See Box).

Dr. Gordon MacDermid of St. Andrew's United Church in Halifax—a church which has been active in promoting community-oriented activities such as day care programs—tends to dis-



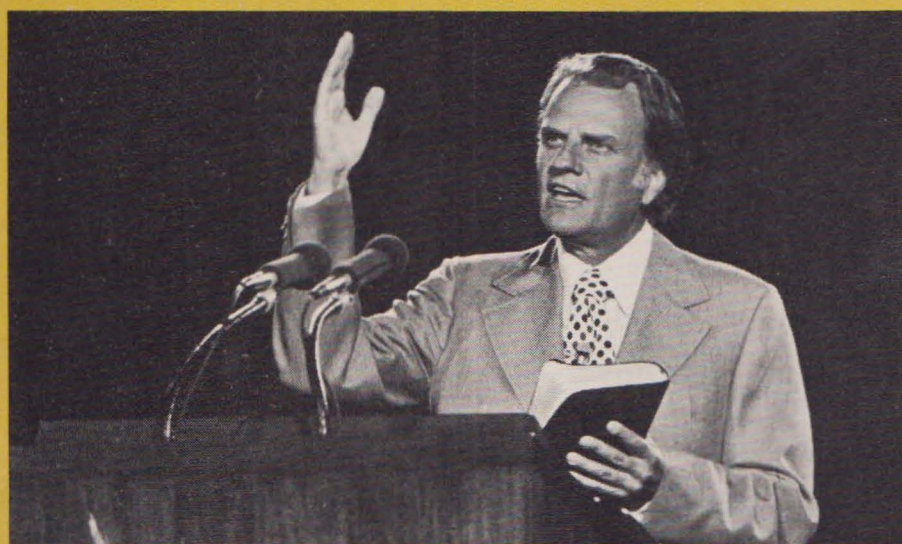
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Billy Graham wins more souls

He has described himself as "just a small item on the back page of heaven's newspapers." He defends himself from critics by claiming, "My only specialty is soul-winning. I'm not a great philosopher, not a theologian, not an intellectual." He is also a man who once concluded an address to a convention of motel managers by saying, "God bless you and thank you, and God bless the Holiday Inns." Marshall Frady's *Billy Graham: A Parable of American Righteousness*, published last April, contains a religious critic's analysis of the peculiar appeal of Graham-style evangelism: "It is possible, he says, to enjoy the religious fire even in air-conditioned

Madison Square Garden. You must 'surrender'—but you may be sure your surrender will never subvert the good American values you already cherish." Critic and commentator Garry Wills adds, "He enables people—mainly men, be it noted—to retain feelings of godliness after they get too 'grown up' to talk seriously about God." Frady himself goes farther, and deeper: "He constitutes the apotheosis of the American innocence itself—that plain cheerful rigorous, ferociously wholesome earnestness that to some, as one Egyptian editor put it during the days of Vietnam, 'has made you nice Americans the most dangerous people on earth.'"

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Special Report

approve of Graham-style evangelism and the decision to support the crusade or not rests with individual congregation members. One of them, Hugh Noble, a retired provincial civil servant, is supporting the crusade because he thinks "there is a hunger and a thirst among a great many people...and this crusade can probably, hopefully point out the need for Christ."

Rev. Dennis Andrews, priest of the evangelically oriented Trinity Anglican Church credits a Graham crusade in London in 1954 with radically altering

his own life and bringing him to the priesthood. He's vice-chairman of the crusade's administrative committee. Dr. Michael Burslem of Moncton was converted at the Halifax Forum crusade in 1964. He's planning to attend this year's meeting and encouraging others to do so.

Crucially important to the crusade is its financing structure, headed by Vernon Paul, a Dartmouth insurance salesman. Organizers stress the money they collect will not be spent outside the province and that anything raised over the required \$240,000 will be used in local evangelical enterprises. About \$37,500 goes to BGEA members for salaries. A large chunk goes for publication and printing costs. Paul's committee is relying on three sources to meet

the budget: Past contributors to Billy Graham from the region, church support from parishes and individuals plus offerings at crusade meetings and donations from the business community.

The BGEA mailed information envelopes to its list of Atlantic provinces and Maine contributors—54,000 names—inviting them to become "share partners" in the crusade by pledging \$5 a month. Paul hopes the source will net about \$40,000 and looks to crusade offerings for another \$50,000. A divided moral stand may affect his luck with business donations. Paul's committee won't accept money from any business which profits from liquor sales. Somewhat peculiarly, they will take private donations from individuals such as bartenders, even bar owners, who draw their salaries from such businesses.

What happens when the crusade is over? The effect of a Graham crusade on membership in established churches has been a thorny issue for as long as the show's been going on. At any altar call, about half the people moving forward are potential converts. The other half are counsellors who've had four weeks of training by local clergy before the crusade. Converts—BGEA calls them "inquirers"—sign decision cards which go to a follow-up committee. It contacts any denomination mentioned on the card or, if there's none, directs the individual to the closest "Bible-teaching" church. Follow-up contact is repeated within 48 hours and again, two to three weeks after the crusade ends.

Yet Dennis Andrews says, "The biggest task of the crusade is getting

people from the Metro Centre to church." People who get converted at a crusade often react by disowning their own denomination. They feel jaded and blame their former church for being inadequate. The flow, not surprisingly, is away from the mainline churches and into the growing evangelical sector.

Prominent among the latter are the churches of the Pentecostal Assembly of Canada, this year celebrating its 50th anniversary in the Atlantic provinces, and its more radically fundamentalist scion, the United Pentecostal Church. Pentecostalism began as a reform movement within the Protestant Church, teaching that all Christians should seek a post-conversion religious experience called baptism with the Holy Spirit, an experience which revealed itself in special gifts of prophecy, healing and, most notably, in "glossolalia," the "speaking in tongues" which became the church's best-known characteristic.

There are now 63 Pentecostal churches in the Maritimes and 152 in Newfoundland and Labrador. Minister Don Moore describes the past 10 years as a period of "phenomenal growth" for the Pentecostals in the Maritimes, with 15 new churches established. In Newfoundland where the first Pentecostal Assemblies church was founded in 1911, a \$1-million tabernacle was dedicated at Botwood last year. Not all today's Pentecostal Churches are readily identifiable with the "holy rollers" of yesterday and some services can seem like reminders of nothing more than a time when, in the less ritualistic mainline churches, women wore hats and every



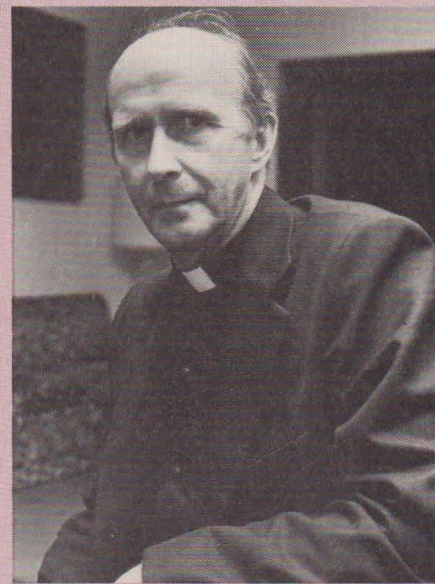
Fund-raiser Paul

JOHN DAVIS

Mother Church and the Crusade

As an internationally known supporter of the Roman Catholic Church's own charismatic renewal movement, Nova Scotia Archbishop James M. Hayes wasn't unfamiliar with or unsympathetic to evangelical religion. But when chief organizers of the Billy Graham Atlantic Crusade visited him to sound him out on Roman Catholic support, they seemed wary. Hayes got the impression that the endorsement of the Catholic Church wouldn't be welcomed by some of the Baptist community and other hard-line fundamentalists. He ended up sending a liaison person, Rev. Gordon Maclean, as a mere observer of planning proceedings. "We would have been willing to participate to a greater extent

than we have," says the archbishop. "They definitely don't want us on the bandwagon," adds Maclean, "probably because it wouldn't help Graham's image." He isn't disturbed since he has deep reservations about Graham anyway. He feels the evangelist seldom talks about the collective sense of responsibility for evil in the world and instead pins it on "one poor little person doing something wrong." For Maclean, that's precisely why society's well-heeled find Graham so appealing: "They're glad to give you \$1,000 but they say, don't tell me how people are suffering. They practise a type of aloofness toward religion that gives them the feeling of being comfortable with their world."



JACK CUSANO



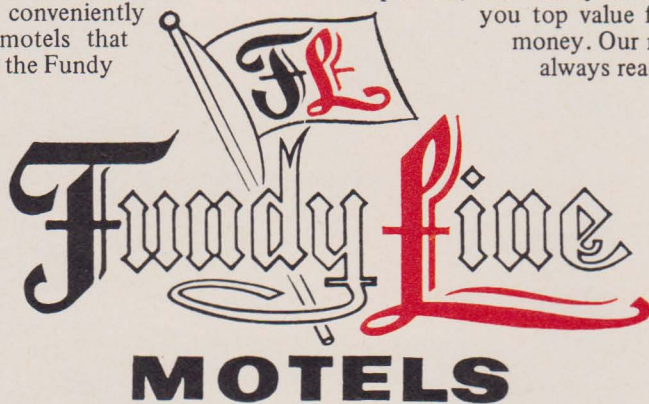
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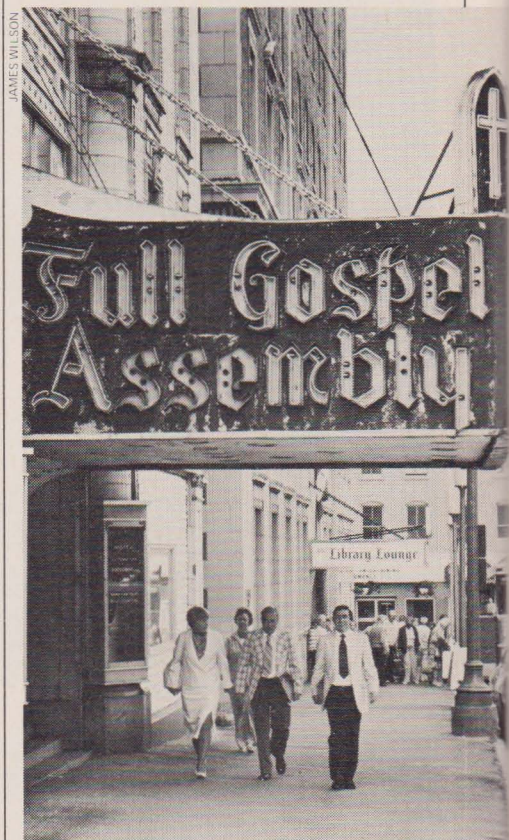


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Special Report



Crusade converts want something new. The flow is to the evangelicals

kid's closet really held a Sunday-best.

The smaller United Pentecostal Church—often described as the “Jesus only” Church because its members don’t subscribe to the traditional notion of the Trinity—is more like the old thing. Services commonly include talking in tongues, hand-clapping and raising hands in praise and prayer. John D. Mean, superintendent of the Nova Scotia-Newfoundland district (20 churches, about 1,000 members) says the United Pentecostal Church puts “a great emphasis” on glossolalia as a sign of salvation. Rev. Raymond Beesley of New Brunswick, which has 55 churches, says his district has shown a “steady growth” in membership.

One of the most startling and controversial indications of a desire even within the established churches for a more personal religion has been the charismatic renewal movement. It began in the late Sixties in the U.S. when some Roman Catholic students studying the New Testament formed a prayer group and claimed to receive certain gifts—“charisms”—similar to those accepted by the Pentecostal churches as signs of salvation. The movement spread like wildfire throughout the Catholic world and to some mainline Protestant churches. In 1975, 10,000 charismatics, including 500 from the Atlantic provin-

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ces, descended on Rome from around the world and held an international conference which included a greeting from Pope Paul VI.

In August about 2,000 members of the movement came to Halifax for an Atlantic provinces conference. The region may have as many as 10,000 in total. Archbishop James M. Hayes of Halifax, one of the most prominent episcopal leaders who support the movement, ran into criticism from Roman Catholics who saw the charismatic renewal as a long way from accepted church practice. But its growth in the church has made him feel vindicated: "I'm glad I did that. I think it was really important the charismatic renewal have a clear link with the official church. I was sincerely interested and attracted to what they have to offer." He still drops in on St. Thomas Aquinas prayer group when he can and thinks contact with the renewal has made his somewhat introverted personality more outgoing.

Nowhere has the interest in old-time religion been more evident than in the growth of media evangelism. Once the mainstay of Sunday morning television programming, religious shows are moving into prime time with a calculated mixture of slickness, popular entertainment and outright copycatting of successful TV formats. The Billy Graham crusades run as prime time specials. In 1977 evangelist Rex Humbard rented three satellites for \$80,000 to broadcast from Israel in simultaneous worldwide reception—said to have been a first in religious programming. His regular broadcasts from the Cathedral of Tomorrow in Akron, Ohio, bring in roughly \$1.2 million a month in donations.

Oral Roberts, aptly called the Ed Sullivan of the evangelical networks, has added to his weekly half-hour religious show a series of seasonal specials which refuse to concede the Hollywood Forties musical ever died. "The women," commented *Saturday Review* last February, "ethnically balanced in number, look like variations on Charlie's Angels in discreet ball gowns; the men are all Bruce Jenner look-alikes in J.C. Penney vested suits." The shows supposedly draw world-wide audiences of as many as 62 million.

Coming up strong is *Jim Bakker's PTL Club*. Bakker, whose announced ambition is to bombard the airwaves 24 hours a day with "Christian programming" including religious soap operas, children's shows and an evangelical version of NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, patterns his format after the *Tonight Show*, complete with Ed McMahon surrogate, the Rev. Harry Harrison. A band brings on each guest with a blast of music, the talk show set is complete to the last

plastic fern and the guest list is star-studded with born-again celebrities: Dale Evans, Anita Bryant, American Senator Mark Hatfield. PTL can mean either People That Love or Praise The Lord, a popular phrase among those born again. Pitches for funds come fast and occasionally furious. The show buys \$7.4-million worth of air time annually, reaches 198 affiliate and 3,000 cable stations and draws an estimated 20 million viewers.

If more Atlantic area viewers are turning on such programs—and ratings suggest they are—they're doing it out of a tradition of local media evangelism. In a downtown Halifax complex Pastor

Perry F. Rockwood is marking his 32nd consecutive year of producing *The People's Gospel Hour*, a 30-minute program heard all over the United States and Canada as well as in Panama, Antigua, Dominica, England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, France and, via short and medium wave, all of southern Africa in a sweep up to Kenya. Here Rockwood, who resigned his Presbyterian ministry in 1947 after sermons in which he attacked liberalism in the church landed him a guilty verdict in a church trial, produces *The Gospel Standard*, a monthly conglomeration of scripture-based devotions and fundamentalist fuming on social issues, in his own print



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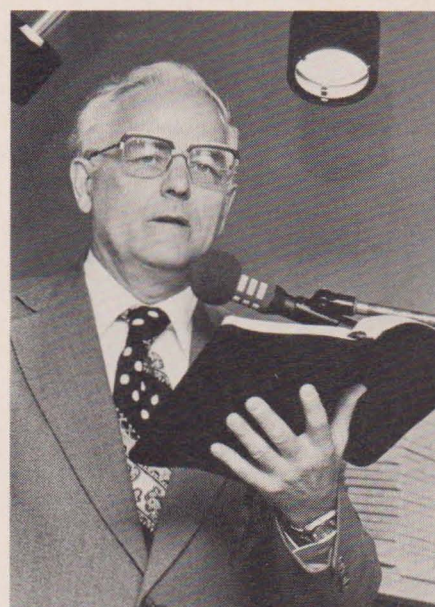
Special Report

shop. He also operates the Kent Street Missionary Bible Church (congregation: 100) and is planning his next project, a \$1.5-million "Christian retirement home" to be built next to his headquarters where elderly residents may want to contribute a few free hours a week working in the print shop, mailing or book rooms.

Somewhat substantially to the right of Billy Graham, Pentecostals and most of the evangelical spectrum, Rockwood has no truck with events like the crusade. He believes financing for the meet-

ings drains local evangelical churches and fears many who participate as ushers or choir members may not have been born again: "These crusades weaken rather than strengthen the local church ministry."

In Newfoundland, homegrown wireless religion has been around for 50 years in the shape of VOWR (Voice of Wesleyan Radio) and VOAR (Voice of Adventist Radio), both operated out of St. John's. They give Nfld. the distinction of possessing the only two Christian non-commercial radio stations in



Rockwood: On far right of evangelism

Canada—a position not likely to be challenged, since CRTC policy now discourages sectarian radio stations.

VOWR, operated by Wesleyan United Church, set up shop in 1924 with a 50-watt transmitter and crystal sets. Last October it went to 5,000 watts. Chesley Tuck, a retired railwayman, is chairman of the station's board of management and works the 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. shift. The format mixes religious and contemporary programming. There's always the Sunday church service broadcast. Any other denomination which applies can get on too. "We've had almost everybody on except the Salvation Army," says Tuck, "and we always broadcast their nurses' graduation." Music includes popular easy-listening fare, but no rock and roll. They'll also play requests.

VOAR, run by Freshwater Rd.'s Seventh Day Adventist Church came along in 1929 and may be the only station in Canada to have its transmitter tower on the premises. Much less powerful at 100 watts, its antiquated equipment churns out an almost totally religious format with the odd program of easy-listening music. Funding is a problem, especially with competition from the more powerful VOWR.

Program director Jim Tilley says the station is toying with the idea of switching to FM. His own association with VOAR came about after he got religion through a friend's influence. He's optimistic about the future of the station. "I think that the outcome is in the Lord's hands," he says, "If he wants us to be here, it will always be here." The same might be said about evangelical religion's newly-packaged but old-time message. ☒

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Richard Stephenson can still remember the day in 1952 when, on a visit to his family's ancestral home at Boulardarie, Cape Breton, his father took him to see the Black Rock lighthouse. He recalls climbing the narrow staircase that wound from the second floor to a glassed-in cupola where a large oil lamp guided mariners into the Great Bras d'Or Channel. His Scottish-born grandfather, Thomas Templeton Tate Stephenson, had served as the lightkeeper at Black Rock, and Richard's father had wanted to share this heritage with the four-year-old boy.

Today, Richard Stephenson's own son, three-year-old Mark Richings-Stephenson, can play on the same staircase and climb to the same cupola. There are differences, however. An automatic beacon, which sits on a concrete tower, has replaced the oil lamp and its successor, a rotating electric light. The view from atop the lighthouse has also changed. That's because this past summer, Richard Stephenson bought the Black Rock light from the Department of Transport and moved it a mile down the road to his family's old homestead. He and his wife Gina Richings and their sons, Mark and Timothy, now make their home in the lighthouse.

"I could build a house like this," Stephenson says, "but I just couldn't afford to." He's a carpenter who hopes to develop a contracting business specializing in energy-efficient homes. Built in 1937 by a Sydney contractor who must have known about the brutal winds that lash the Black Rock shore, the building immediately impresses visitors with its solid feeling. The man who moved it for Stephenson estimated its weight at 150 tons. It measures 25 feet on a side, with two and a half stories, three bedrooms, a full bath, insulated plaster walls, cabinets in the kitchen and hardwood floors everywhere. The one-bedroom cabin that served as the Richings-Stephenson's dwelling for more than a year would barely fill the kitchen of their new lighthouse home.

Neighbors who once viewed the task of buying and moving the Black Rock lighthouse as an improbable fantasy now evince respect for Stephenson's resourcefulness, not to say shrewdness. He heard the place was for sale a year

ago. His biggest worry was that someone else would not only want it but also have the money to outbid him. Whenever anyone mentioned the lighthouse auction, Stephenson feigned disbelief in the possibility of moving it (a stipulation of its sale). He gleefully passed on rumors that the Nova Scotia Power Corporation wanted \$1,000 for every wire that had to be lifted when moving a building. Above all, he told no one outside his family of his intention to bid.

Eventually he submitted two sealed bids: A lower one in his own name, and a higher one (\$525) in the name of a relative. The idea was to withdraw the higher bid if the lower one turned out to be high enough, but he abandoned this scheme when a Transport official smelled a rat. When bids were opened last February, there turned out to be only two. Both were Stephenson's.

He entrusted moving the lighthouse to New Waterford contractor Gordon LeDrew, whose business is the unlikely specialty of moving buildings. The job was fraught with difficulties. To attack the 40-year-old foundation of 10-inch thick concrete that had been poured right around the sills and up among the floor joists, LeDrew made a ram out of a 34-foot steel railroad rail, dangled from the bucket of a backhoe. As he battered his way through the concrete, dishes rattled in the cupboards of neighboring houses. The house was lifted, one side at a time, with two 50-ton jacks, and then placed on a pair of steel

I-beams, borne by 20 truck tires. This contrivance was pulled by a 10-wheeled tractor-trailer cab, and when it mired in mud, LeDrew brought in a bulldozer to help. In one boggy section, he somehow got the lighthouse across two culverts. Skeptical onlookers watched with growing admiration. "I find most people around any job just don't think we're going to get it moved," LeDrew said. "One job isn't any harder than the next," he told Stephenson. "Some of them just take longer." He moved the Black Rock lighthouse in a morning.

The cost of the move, a new foundation, a well and a septic system swelled the price of the building to about \$12,000, but that was less than a quarter of what it would cost to build such a structure. "I'm a Scotsman and I can't resist a good buy," Stephenson says. "It's certainly the best buy I'll ever make in my lifetime. I'm going to live in it, and I'm going to give it to my grandchildren."

— Parker Barss Donham



The Stephensons and new lighthouse home



Moving the lighthouse through mud, bog wasn't hard. It just took longer



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Profile

"I can hold my own," Elizabeth May says

She can, too. She proved it in the battle to keep budworm sprays out of Cape Breton

Elizabeth May used to question whether ordinary citizens could influence government, but she doesn't anymore. She knows they can. At 25, May, spunky spokesperson for a Cape Breton environmental group, is no rookie activist. When her friends first started to fight budworm-spraying in Nova Scotia, she thought they'd lose but she "didn't mind knocking myself out" for the cause. They won, and they're still fighting threats to people and the environment.

The Cape Breton Landowners aren't your typical, high-profile, Jane Fonda-type activist group, and Elizabeth May wasn't just sitting around waiting for a cause. In summer, she puts in 14-hour-days, seven days a week, at the schooner-turned-restaurant and gift shop that her family owns in Margaree Harbour.

The Mays—that's Elizabeth, her parents and brother—fell in love with Cape Breton on a holiday and, six years ago, chucked their comfortable life in Connecticut and came to stay. Elizabeth soon stumbled on a petition against the spray and wanted to help out. Her mother Stephanie (an activist in the U.S. who'd had the distinction of making Nixon's "enemies" list) told her not to get involved. "I didn't know if the government would take kindly to an American girl telling them what to do," Stephanie remembers. Still, it wasn't long before the whole family had jumped into the campaign.

Elizabeth's strategy: Get the facts, make them convincing and, above all, "don't be threatening or disruptive." Back in high school she'd organized students from 35 schools for a successful campaign to have phosphate levels reduced in detergents. It was Stephanie who'd got her started. At an age when other kids played with dolls, Elizabeth

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dabbled in environmental issues. "I was a weird little kid," she says. She's "grown down" since then but her environmental concerns haven't changed. She sees the earth as a living, fragile being that must have protection. And when the spray threatened Cape Breton, she and many other Cape Bretoners felt the health and ecological risks were just too big to tolerate.

Though she didn't become spokesperson till well into the controversy and never saw herself as a central player, the budworm issue consumed May, body and soul. She talked at women's groups, service clubs and schools, and even her foes, such as spray advocate Kingsley Brown, Jr. never underrated her debating ability. Liz Archibald Calder, a

posing as the secretary of a fictitious person. The Nova Scotia government had already failed to get the same figures.

The Landowners still aren't the most popular people around but now they've got credibility. They get big turnouts at information sessions like the one they held on nuclear power (which they oppose). May organized the Cape Breton contingent at the anti-nuclear-power rally at Brudenell, P.E.I., last spring. Those who went were hardly young radicals. "The kind of people involved are really fantastic," she says. An 85-year-old man got up at 4:30 a.m. to troop over to the Island for the long day.

The budworm issue has done a lot for May. Brown says her research is weak, but she's faced a "lion's den" of pro-spray forestry experts at the University of Maine and come out in fine shape. "I can hold my own with the best," she says. She once planned to become an environmental lawyer and, in the States, took environmental studies. When the family came to Cape Breton, however, they couldn't afford to send her back to get her degree. "I was a college drop-out," she laughs. That probably won't hurt her. Already, both the Liberals and the NDP have asked her if she'd like to run for office.

—Roma Senn



STEPHEN HOMER

May at Brudenell, P.E.I.: "Gutsy and crafty"

fellow C.B. Landowner says, "She has a way of capturing a group, even a hostile one." May's speeches aren't prepared, but she knows her stuff. Former premier Gerald Regan, whose government agonized over the spray issue in '77, says, "She is incisive and thoroughly briefed," and could always stand up under cross-examination. She played an important role in his government's tough decision not to spray.

Success for the Landowners didn't come easily. Opponents called them a "lunatic fringe," and May endured considerable personal abuse. She'd had three strikes against her: She's young, and looks even younger than she is; she's a woman; she's an American by birth. "Some people really hate me," she says, but many more support her. After a television debate with Kingsley Brown Jr., people wrote to say he was a "big bully" for picking on a "little girl." They didn't care if she came from Timbuktu. She's both gutsy and crafty. After several attempts to get budworm statistics from the New Brunswick government, she finally got them by

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Small Towns

Montague, P.E.I.

It's proud, loyal, conservative and beautiful. But the liquor store is in Cardigan

By Harry Holman

The sign at the edge of town reads "Montague the Beautiful" but most people grin sheepishly when you ask them about it. It's an overstatement of the obvious and, for some, it's even a little embarrassing. In Montague, vanity is a virtue on neither the personal nor the community level.

But the sign is correct.

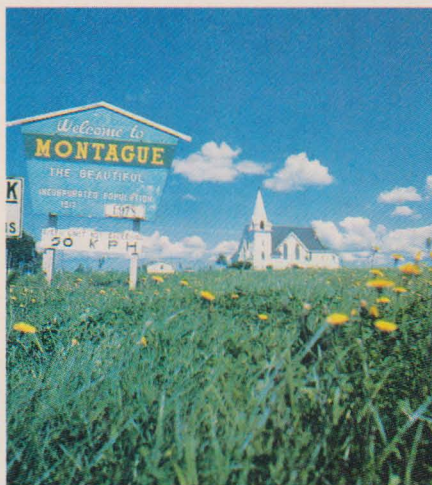
Highway 4 turns into Main Street at the town limits. Off the main street, down the hill from Clark's store or up the Wood Islands hill, little streets like Mill and Locust and Chestnut run to clusters of small wooden houses—and to the occasional Victorian horror set into a hill that must once have taxed the strength of horses just as it now taxes the clutches and transmissions of their successors.

Like a flow of lava in reverse, the town has spilled upward and out of the valley onto agricultural land in both the north and south. It has already snuffed out a piggery, the rural character of which offended bungalowed suburbanites who wanted to be *in* but not *of* the country.

Churches bracket Montague. On the north, the old Island-brick Church of Christ stands guard over the morals of residents who are 10 miles from the nearest liquor store (in Cardigan). On the road south to Murray Harbour stand the United Church, lately hauled from the hamlet of Valleyfield, and St. Mary's, which is new and Catholic. Montague has a Calvinist streak which goes much farther than the mere absence of a liquor store indicates. In other Atlantic towns such a problem would spawn bootleggers, but Montague manages to keep even them outside the town limits.

It also gets along without either a co-op store or a credit union. Instead, it has a clutch of independent businessmen who are staunch conservatives and stubborn champions of free enterprise. Merchants grumble about welfare and government handouts. They point even to the senior-citizen housing as a blatant example of the ills of the Island.

There really wasn't supposed to be a town here at all. In 1764, Georgetown—about 10 miles away and out on the coast—was chosen as the county town. It still has the jail and courthouse, along



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD FURLONG

"Montague the Beautiful" - it really is

with empty lots on carefully gridded streets. But Montague, like so many other towns in the region, came into being because a road led to the water. It was the best place to throw up a bridge without breaking the colonial treasury, and it was the bridge that bred the stores and wharfs and warehouses of an unplanned port town.

Montague is hardly a seaport these days. Half a dozen lobster fishermen use the town wharf, and a few pleasure boats reflect the change in the river from commercial highway to recreational byway. Athol MacKinnon can remember the day he saw 40 schooners come up the river to load and unload at the Montague wharfs.

He's sitting in the front office of the Montague Furnishing Company. They only ever made one kind of furniture—caskets—and they were good at it. There's still a filing cabinet full of orders they filled from across the country, the West Indies, and even Africa.

The back shop, a huge, three-storey building now sagging in several places, used to hum with the sound of 40 or more craftsmen. But people who wanted to work hard grew scarce, and there were transportation problems...the rest is a familiar litany in the Maritimes. Athol looks over the back of a cat sleeping on the window ledge, considers the busy street and says, "I guess it all started with Confederation."

The other major industry used to be the making of tombstones. Montague thus had a fair interest in death. But it has never really been a one-industry town, and in the last 15 years, it's been one of the fastest-growing spots in Atlantic Canada. Much of the growth results from a revitalization of agriculture in the surrounding county. In 1963 Belgian tobacco farmers from Ontario began to buy land and move their operations to the high sandy hills in the southern parts of Queens and Kings counties. Some Dutch farmers pumped energy into the dying mixed and dairy farming businesses and, for the first time in 50 years, men were clearing land for cultivation rather than letting it grow back into scrub brush.

Meanwhile, the government was trying "an industrial strategy" and brought both a shipbuilding industry and fish-processing plant to nearby Georgetown. Montague got a B.C.-owned outfit that processed cole-crops (cauliflower, broccoli, Brussels sprouts etc.) All were soon in difficulty. The Georgetown ventures ended in financial disaster and political scandal. The cole-crop effort collapsed years ago. It had employed from 150 to 200 people but the people the failure hurt most were the farmers who'd been supplying the vegetables. They had to switch to other



Montague bridge bred stores, wharfs, warehouses of the small port town

kinds of farming.

High fish prices have been good for Montague. Few actually use the port but fishermen all down the coast spend most of their money in Montague. For most of Kings County, "Going into town" means going into Montague. On a rainy Saturday afternoon the posted population figure (1,978) seems impossibly low. Cars crawl up and down Main Street. Most of the bigger stores have been around for quite a while. They call themselves department stores now but, once you get inside, you realize that a general store by any other name is still a general store.

Clark's and Stewart & Beck have new owners but many of their customers have been coming in for years. From wood stoves, to rubber boots, to embroidery thread, to a nice rolled roast,

the range of goods is amazing. Clark's second floor is an area in which "dry goods" is a descriptive term rather than a quaint expression. Over one table of goods a hand-lettered sign asks "Please do not mess up our merchandise." Prosperity has brought new enterprises to Montague but they still echo the 19th-century service centre that the town once was. An auto-supply store replaces a blacksmith's shop. The Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet replaces the tea room. But Wilson's Bakery continues to lay a small-town, baked-bread smell on top of the still morning air, and the Montague Dairy goes on proving that milk can come from country cows, too.

The old stores inspire loyalty. When a woman tells you she shops at Clark's "because they kept their prices down during the war," you know it's going to

take more than a K-Mart special on anti-freeze to get her into Charlottetown. Another woman, smartly dressed, is pleased as punch that, although she paid two visits to Charlottetown last month, she couldn't find anything nicer than the clothes at Belle's Shoppe on Main Street.

The stores in Montague have prospered while those in Georgetown, Kilmuir, Cardigan, Dundas and the other villages of central and southern Kings County have withered. The centralization is less subtle in education. Country kids are bused from all over the county to the regional high school, the junior high and the new elementary school. The teachers alone make up a significant part of Montague's population, and it's been lucky to get the big schools and their well-paid teachers. Other parts of the Island have seen consolidated schools dropped into fields miles away from any town just because there was no village at the geographical centre of the area they were to serve.

At the top of the Wood Islands hill a new building houses the Southern Kings Regional Services Centre, a collection of offices for civil servants, some of whom motor to Montague a couple of times a week. Some lawyers, too, keep office hours one or two days a week, usually when court is sitting in Georgetown.

Many new businessmen came because they thought there was an opportunity. For Jim MacNeill, editor and publisher of *The Eastern Graphic* ("The Lively One"), it was a town that was ready for a newspaper when he arrived 16 years ago. For others, it was a town that needed a real-estate agent, or a shoe store or a restaurant. For still others it was a nice place to live while they worked somewhere else. Every morning there's a stream of cars to Charlottetown, 35 miles to the west, and every evening another stream home.

For all its prosperity and apparent hustle, however, Montague is still a small town and has its usual small-town problems. Even for the clerk in the Idle Hands bookstore it's a little dull in winter. It's even duller if you have no job, and the only entertainment is dropping into good old Branch 8 of the Royal Canadian Legion for a game of pool or going up to Iceland Arena to watch the Montague Junior Kings play. In summer there's the usual quota of cool dudes in hot cars driving up and down Main Street honking at the girls on the steps of Elmer's Pizza. But for most Montague people that's all part of being in a small town. If you ask them why they live there they just shrug and say it's a nice town. Some of them add that it would be a damn sight nicer if they didn't have to drive 10 miles to get to a liquor store.



Pleasure boats still use the port



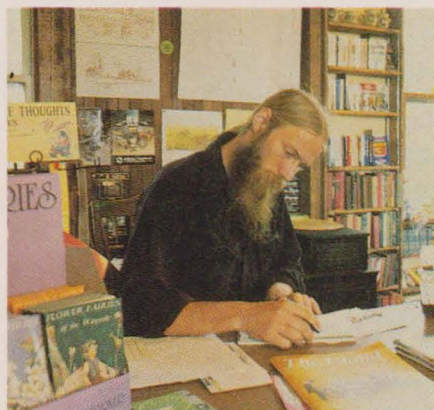
MacKinnon: He remembers busier days



MacNeill, Heather Moore of *Eastern Graphic*



Clark's: New owners, old customers



Gary Schneider, Idle Hands Bookstore



Photography

Freeman Patterson: His soul is in his lens

By Jon Everett

If Freeman Patterson could take a picture of Freeman Patterson taking a picture, he would probably focus on the lens as it reflected some multicolored wizardry of nature, the black and silver camera body behind blurred into the forehead. In truth, Freeman's flesh and camera have merged. His soul resides in his lens; there he has harnessed the rainbow, and uses this power to turn out real photographic jewels in place of the mythical pot of gold. The inseparable backdrop for this magic lens is the blur of remembrances of an early life; dark drudgery offset by silver linings of parental affection. Freeman Patterson, 41, can transmute a junkyard bedspring into a fabulous curio, drops of water on a leaf into a surrealistic vision. But we'll never see this portrait. Mirrors cannot replace souls, nor timing mechanisms the hand and eye of an artist.

Freeman turned his back on the cities in 1973 and, after 17 years, returned to the isolated splendor of Sham-

per's Bluff, all meadow, forest, cliff and freshwater, 30 miles by road and ferry north of Saint John on the Kingston Peninsula. To him, Shamper's Bluff is



Patterson: He has "harnessed the rainbow"

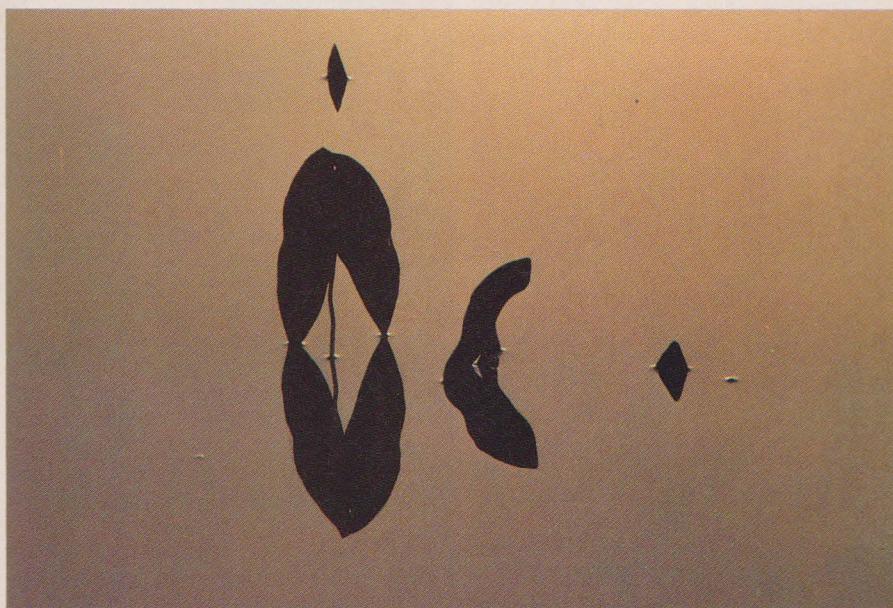
megapolis; leaves, ferns, blades of grass, flowers, icicles, rocks and snowflakes are here, each one a potential model for another masterpiece. He sees the world as an ocean to venture into, an endless source of pictures of every imaginable sort. But Shamper's Bluff is his spawning ground; here he obtains psychic nourishment, feeding on the familiar and converting it into the original.

He learned the process between the ages of eight and 18 on his father's farm down the road, long before he had a camera. "My dad called me every day at 5 a.m. I did chores until I went to school at 8:30. After school it was back in the barn until dinner. One thing I remember is the cows. It was a long way from the barn to the pasture through woods and by swamps. I found myself becoming very attached to the clovers, ferns, old rocks..." When his one-room school's year ended, it was round-the-clock chores. He had no companions. His environment was his existence; he never

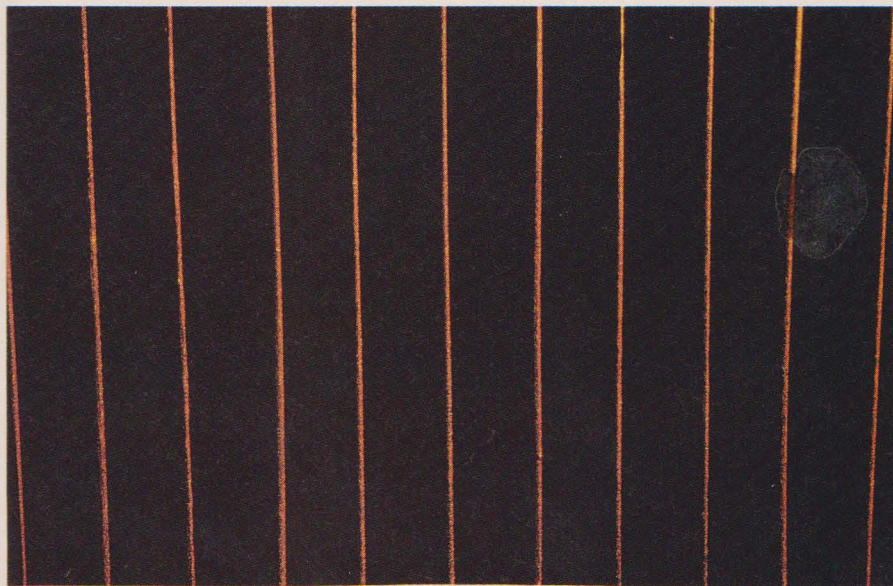


PHOTOGRAPHY BY FREEMAN PATTERSON

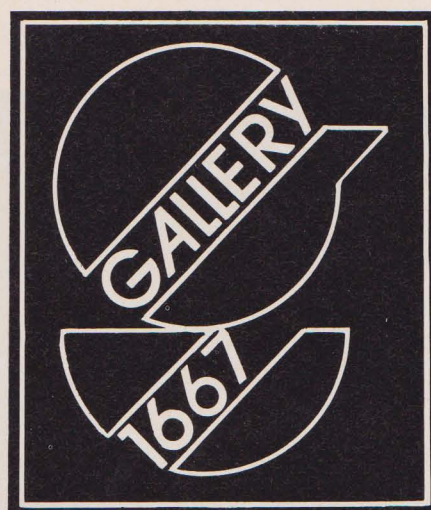
The photographer's vision transmutes the ordinary...



What is merely mundane becomes magic...



The secret lies in the hand and eye of an artist



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY FREEMAN PATTERSON

Some photos move beyond competence, becoming art

lost the ability to see and understand without resort to words.

In 1958, while attending Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., he went on a World University Service of Canada tour of Yugoslavia. He bought an Argus C-3 single-lens reflex camera because "I wanted a reminder of the trip." It was like Elvis Presley getting his first guitar. "I took six rolls of film in Yugoslavia. But the camera didn't work. None turned out." But something had clicked. Freeman began shooting pictures by the bushel.

Obtaining his BA, he entered the prestigious Union Theological Seminary at Columbia University, New York. Another student told him of Helen Manzer's night photography classes in Brooklyn. For three years, he absorbed her wisdom: "You cannot make good photographs unless you use a tripod." And pondered her example: She had given up a career as head of nursing education at New York University to teach photography. Says Freeman, "It was really Helen Manzer who started putting everything together for me." He earned his master's degree in divinity but, by then, the photography totem was clearly atop his pole of interests. His thesis was called: "Still Photography as a Medium of Religious Expression."

In 1962 he was director of religious

of confidence. He turned to photography full-time.

Lorraine Monk, head of the National Film Board's still photography section, saw a postage-stamp size reproduction of one of Freeman's photos in *U.S. Camera* magazine, and sent a letter to 25 or 30 Canadian photo labs asking him to get in touch with her. The letter caught up to him in B.C. She bought 70 of his slides for \$4,000 and hired him to take some more for the NFB Centennial book, *Canada: A Year of the Land*. That was his big break. "I had never seen \$4,000 before."

Freeman has been editor of *Camera Canada*, a magazine published by the National Association of Photographic Art, and founded a photographic school at Shamber's Bluff with graphic designer Dennis Stuart Mills. The school ran until 1977. Fourteen students paid \$150 apiece for 10 days of instruction eight times a year. Too much administrative work led to its suspension.

Freeman has had two books published, *Photography for the Joy of It* (1977) and *Photography and the Art of Seeing* (1979) (See Box). He is in great demand to practise and teach, and travels several months of the year although he never misses a meeting of District 19 school board, to which he has been elected twice.

How famous is Freeman Patterson? Hampton freelance writer Dorothy Dearborn likes to tell of the time she was in Moscow and met a couple from Seattle, Wash., who had photographed their way across Europe. Says Dorothy, "We talked a bit about photography and, not being terribly proficient in the art, I held up my end by extolling the virtues of one of our local boys who, among other things, ran a photography school a few miles from my home. 'You mean YOU know Freeman Patterson?' they asked. From then on I became the listener as this couple filled me in on my neighbor and his accomplishments."

The wisdom and wile of a first-rate photographer

Freeman Patterson has written two instructional books, bountifully illustrated with his photographs: *Photography for the Joy of It* and *Photography and the Art of Seeing*.

"The first one," he says, "was based on my experience; in the second, I emphasize a philosophy." He also notes that the selection of photographs in the first book represents a hard-fought compromise with the publisher. Freeman called the shots in the second book.

A sampler extracted from the two books:

Nobody can hide behind a camera.

The best photographs are those which have a clear purpose that is well expressed. But some photographs transcend both clear purpose and good expression; they move beyond competence and become art.

Photography, like every other creative endeavor, exists in the tension between total self-indulgence and the need for understanding.

(*Photography for the Joy of It*)



It was Monet, the painter, who said that in order to see we must forget the name of the thing we are looking at.

How unfortunate it is that we don't respond with wonder every day to the magnificence of the English Ivy.

A child may intuitively abstract love as one of his mother's most distinguishing traits, and in his drawing leave out many of the physical details of her body, but not the one that counts, her smile. Photographers can learn a good deal from children's drawings.

(*Photography and the Art of Seeing*)



To see, we must forget the object's name

Music

At Atlantic Symphony the malady lingers on

It's a minor miracle that, only a few months after the worst crisis in the history of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, its musicians would say farewell to friends and lovers and board a bus for the first tour of a new season. They would perform in such places as Moncton, Fredericton, Sheet Harbour, Charlottetown, Baddeck. The ASO, Canada's only regional orchestra may not be well but it is alive.

Only last spring, those who knew its problems best were speculating on its collapse. The ASO is sensitive to the merest whiff of controversy but, long before its last season was over, it endured public accusations of financial mismanagement, internal wrangling, administrative bungling, and more, much more. On Jan. 29, in a clumsy attempt to bring the musicians to heel over contract differences, its Board shut it down; and from then until it signed a new contract with the Atlantic Federation of Musicians on April 20, the ASO was more famous for its labor war than for its music.

The dispute had hurt both sides: It threw the musicians out of work for 12 weeks, and by April many were seriously short of money. For its part, the Board was under pressure from such crucially important funding bodies as the Canada Council and the Nova Scotia government. Some believed the situation had become so nasty the musicians would leave the region forever. After some discreet arm-twisting and a flurry of face-saving gestures, however, the Board and the union got together on a contract that gave the musicians a 10% wage increase in each of two years.

The ASO's unusual travel obligations dominate a good part of the musicians' lives. In a 34-week season, it travels up to 9,000 miles, rolling by bus all over the Maritimes. The musicians do not get fat poultices of money to take the sting out of their sometimes grueling schedule. A typical ASO member, one with 10 to 15 years of professional training, earns maybe \$9,500 in the regular season, with a bit of CBC work to sweeten the pot. Teaching helps some. Most scramble just to keep up with the rent.

The structure of the Board is unavoidably awkward. Committees in

Fredericton, Moncton, Saint John, Halifax and Sydney each elect directors and, inevitably, much of the real power falls to Executive Director Lionel Smith. The administration is therefore the chief target for musicians' grievances, and the issue that prolonged the strike for three miserable months was simply management. At one point, the musicians recorded a 94% vote to express their lack of confidence in Smith's administration.

What the ASO may need most is closer understanding between the musicians and the Board. Many long-time directors and musicians don't know one another from Adam, but at the height of the labor troubles, the Board's executive did agree to sit down with the entire orchestra. It was the first such meeting anyone could remember. One musician sees the Board as a bunch that sees the symphony only as "a rich man's toy." Directors, on the other hand, often regard the musicians as excitable, emotional, too artistic to grasp the business side of running anything. Richard Goldbloom, the retiring president, gets much credit for having brought Board and orchestra somewhat together. The new president, Father Roland Soucie, Moncton, may find his biggest job is further promoting harmony.

The task of reviving the ASO's reputation, however, ultimately falls to Russian-born conductor Victor Yampolsky. When he arrived in '77, his mandate was to make it a Canadian orchestra of the first rank but he quickly found that, although it was 11 years old, it had still not quite escaped its roots in the old Halifax Symphony, a community orchestra that included amateurs. Yampolsky's forceful, domineering temperament has alienated some musicians but most of them, not to mention audiences, concede that he's markedly improved the ASO. As musicians defect to other orchestras with better pay, he must rebuild every year; this fall he's replacing up to a third of the 49 members. In short, the ASO's troubles are far from over but, as it starts its 12th season, its off-stage sounds are at least more harmonious than they were when it ended its 11th.

— Tom MacDonald

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Theatre

Things we did last summer

In taverns, churches, schools, a fish shed, and theatres big and tiny, the show went on. And on

Actors from the old Codco company chose Bridgett's Pub to present *The Man Who Burps and Coughs and Poops and Farts and Sneezes*, and thereby proved again that cabaret-style theatre can thrive in St. John's. Over in P.E.I., a *Dracula* from the King's Theatre in Georgetown mesmerized the teen-aged girls who entered the "prettiest neck" contest in Montague. In the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Halifax, the STS Experimental Theatre turned the entire audience into part of the cast. And in Caraquet, N.B., Théâtre Populaire d'Acadie moved from the high schools and church basements in which it performs all winter and, mostly in a converted fish shed, presented two summer-long productions. In all four Atlantic provinces, summer theatre proved again it was as ubiquitous as ragweed.

New Brunswick: Attendance at Theatre New Brunswick's Playhouse, Fredericton, broke its summer records. The company began with Graham Greene's *The Return of A.J. Raffles* (a co-production with Neptune Theatre, Halifax), starring John Neville; continued with Frank D. Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses*, with John MacKay, Flo Paterson, David Ferry; wound up with Bernard Slade's *Same Time Next Year*. Despite success, artistic director Malcolm Black expected the summer would be the last in which TNB would perform only in Fredericton. He wants the theatre to serve all New Brunswick and, with regard to TNB's final Fredericton-only summer, said, "I'm glad we're going out with a bang instead of a whimper." At Kings Landing historical settlement, the TNB Young Company staged an 1847 farce five days a week all summer.

Meanwhile, the pickings in Saint John were somewhat lean: A one-day amateur performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; a four-night run of the locally written *The Confederation Musical*, and a production of *Godspell* by students of Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis. *Godspell* was something of a hit. Under the direction of English teacher Robert Doherty, the students formed a troupe, performed for about 300 people on each of four nights during Saint John's

Loyalist Days. Actor-playwright Michael Payne has been trying to make a go of a group called Stage One but his *The Confederation Musical* played only to small audiences. It's about the internal struggles of a rock band, and actress Elizabeth Payne was hopeful that aiming more promotion at younger audiences might yet enable the group to take the show on the road.

The Potluck Revue Company showed up in Shediac in mid-July. Moncton-born Rod Hayward and three grads of the theatre program at John Abbott College, Montreal, founded it. Their Shediac show, *A Tribute to Comedy*, was a grab-bag of sketches they based on the work of famous comics.



Neville as Raffles: Halifax didn't buy

It included a satirical look at Canada's future by Hayward himself. The show ran six nights a week for a month in a high-school auditorium, but Hayward said the first week was "a disaster." He once thought that, in a town where evening entertainment is mostly discos and drive-ins, people would flock to theatre. Now he thinks doing nothing may be habit-forming. But as the summer continued, Potluck's audiences grew. Hayward was considering coming back every summer.

Newfoundland and Labrador: Two professional theatre companies were born, a third was reborn, a new summer theatre school opened, established companies offered fresh, polished works and, maybe best of all, the government allotted \$180,000 to the arts.

Rising Tide Theatre, with govern-

ment help, celebrated its first anniversary by taking *Daddy....What's a Train?* on a week-long tour of Labrador. It's about the Newfoundland Railway, and it attracted full houses, standing ovations, such comments as, "It's excellent, but what's more important is that you're finally here." With financial help from the International Year of the Child, Rising Tide's Donna Butt ran workshops with eight high-school students. They planned to write a show and take it round the province.

The Newfoundland Travelling Theatre, dead for two years, rose again. Ex-members Bennie Malone and Kent Barrett, along with Kay Anonson, took Neil Simon's *Star Spangled Girl* into Martha's Pub in St. John's. Full houses. Held over. Meanwhile, the former Codco Company, under the auspices of WNOBS (White Niggers of Bond Street) met equal success at Bridgett's Pub with *The Man Who Burps...*, and a second show as well. Company member Andy Jones talked about taking a new production, *The Ed Sullivan Show*, on a national tour this fall.

The Summer Festival at the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's, opened with performances by local actors in a drama based on the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Audiences were moderate but critic Peter Gent described the show as "a job well done." The Basement Theatre staged Geraldine Rubia's *Props*, a local play, and a production by the Freelance Players of the comedy *Standard Safety*.

Big theatre news was the founding, by Maxim Mazumdar, of the Summer Theatre School in Stephenville. Two dozen actors showed up for four weeks of study. Mazumdar was director, acting coach, voice coach, and teacher of theatre history. The school spawned a new repertory company, Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador. It hoped to perform *Shakespeare For All* and *Theatre For All* for high-school audiences in the Atlantic provinces and Montreal.

Prince Edward Island staged no less than 14 shows this past summer. If New York has off-Broadway theatres, the Island has off-Confederation Centre theatre, and some of the fun occurred at the Kings in Georgetown. It had been closed for six years but CBC broadcaster Allan Billard, who said he was underworked and overpaid, got together with New York actor Don Wright to re-open it. In its biggest crowd-pleaser, Wright played *Dracula*, often for screaming children. Cuthbert, a mouse, had a minor part in *Dracula* but died shortly before curtain-time at mid-season and,

that night, Wright performed with his corpse. ("Cuthbert," he said, "would have wanted it that way.") Kings also staged Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple* and Billard's *Bon Voyage*.

The P.E.I. Theatre Foundation runs a summer theatre in the seaside village of Victoria, 20 minutes from the Borden ferry terminal. It staged *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, *The Fourposter*, and *Sleuth*. William McFadden (known as "Izzurd") played the lead in all three and, five days a week, also worked on a children's show at the Confederation Centre with his wife, Laurel Smyth. In Victoria, audiences averaged only about 60 a night. Still, the Foundation made some progress. The village has begun to accept the theatre, and newspaper critics came over from Charlottetown to review the plays.

At the Charlottetown Summer Festival, *Anne of Green Gables* ran for its 14th straight season; dancers of *Les Feux Follets* did their usual spectacular bit; and *On a Summer's Night*, an expensive musical vaguely inspired by *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, bombed at the box office. The Cameo Theatre had two one-man shows: *Winnie*, about Winston Churchill; and *Come by the Hills*, described by its own creator, Brian McKay, as "a sucky family show" about Scotland. Stage 2 presented *Eight to the Bar*, and a well-attended flop called *The Family Way*. The Festival had problems. A huge stump dominated the set of *On a Summer's Night*, and Stan Lesk, who played Puck, "wiped out" his knees while jumping from it. Charlotte Moore (Helena) tripped over it, and broke her foot. In July, stomach flu hit *Les Feux Follets*. The company set out buckets backstage but Festival producer Ron Francis said, "The kids barely had time to change their costumes, let alone throw up." Moreover, a problem with the sound system led to conflict between orchestra and company. All in all, Francis said, Festival attendance was "not spectacular," and it's possible future Charlottetown Summer Festivals will be less ambitious.

Nova Scotia: Theatre fare ranged from a medieval morality play to a docu-drama. The Kipawo Showboat of Wolfville had a triumphant season with solid bets: *Fiddler on the Roof*, *Charlie's Aunt*, *I do, I do*, *Barefoot in the Park*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and *Carousel*. In Halifax, during a three-day run of *The Clown of God*, a 13th-century French play, the audience played a church congregation. Appropriate. The production, by the STS Experimental Theatre, was in the Cathedral Church of All Saints.

Meanwhile, the Mulgrave Road Co-op toured from Margaree to Yarmouth with *The Coady Co-op Show*; and also revived their 1977 success, *The Mulgrave Road Show*. The Company performed in the other three Atlantic provinces as well. The Theatre Arts Guild, Halifax, successfully revived *The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*. Eva Moore, Guild president, described it as "a Cape Breton Brigadoon." The Bit Players, at Theatre 1707, attracted lunch-hour audiences with *The Kidnapped Caper*, *The Clipped Clock Caper*, and *Noon Gun Magic*. Also at Theatre 1707, *Held Over*, a vaudeville-like show by Focus 4 Revue, was part of the Nova Scotia Festival of the Arts. It went to Mahone Bay, N.S., and Georgetown, P.E.I., as well. Describing Theatre 1707's audiences, artistic director Weldon Bona said, "Blue-haired ladies, hippies, you name it, we've got 'em."

Neptune Theatre was not so cheerful. *The Return of A.J. Raffles*, a co-production with Theatre New Brunswick, earned the approval of Southam News Services; and *The Globe and Mail* liked *Eight to the Bar*. But neither play drew good houses. "Halifax," a Neptune vet said, "is a tough nut to crack. Haligonians just aren't buying this year." But the biggest bust of the season were the "duologues," *At Your Service*, *The Scotland Story*, and *The Robert Burns Story* with Glasgow actor John Cairney and New Zealander Alannah O'Sullivan. The show was part of the International Gathering of the Clans but it simply failed to get the audiences reviewers felt it deserved.

Two puppet troupes had good summers. In Chester, Canadian Puppet Festivals presented *The Secret of Sara Jane* and *The Mikado* at The Leading Wind theatre. The company expected to take *The Pike* and *The Peasant* to the other three Atlantic provinces in mid-September. Mermaid Theatre, Wolfville, took *The Wabnaki*, an original play, to New York in August at the invitation of the Child Theatre Association of America. ☒



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Movies

The mighty Marlon is "layer of hokum"

In Apocalypse Now, he's also sluggish, hammy, spooked-out

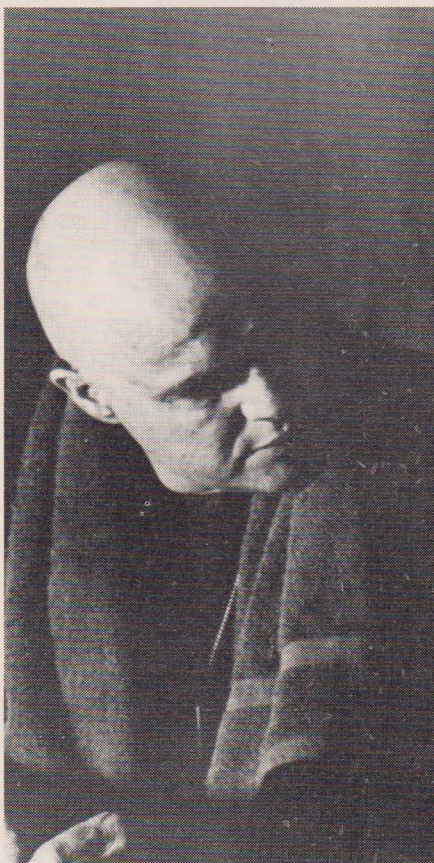
By Martin Knelman

We've been sitting at *Apocalypse Now* for exactly two hours when Marlon Brando finally appears. Everything in the movie thus far has been preparing us for this moment, without which Francis Coppola's big one would be only a plotless war travelogue. For the sake of any readers who have just returned from the South Pole, I should mention that *Apocalypse Now* is loosely based on, or at least inspired by, Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, in which a sea captain named Marlow is sent up a jungle river in the Belgian Congo, circa 1890, to dispose of an ivory hunter named Kurtz who has succumbed to the savagery of the jungle and set himself up as a god, to the displeasure of the company that stationed him there. In the version that John Milius wrote for the movie, we are in that updated hellhole, Vietnam, and Kurtz is an American Green Beret colonel who has gone whacko, crossed the border into Cambodia and founded a little colony of natives who worship him and are tyrannized by him.

The whole narrative thrust of Coppola's movie hurtles toward the confrontation with horror when we meet this madman, and for the audience that comes to this film knowing something about the circumstances in which it was made, there is an added tease: We know that Kurtz is played by Marlon Brando, widely regarded as the greatest American actor alive, and this is Coppola's trump card. So what does Coppola do? He embellishes the mystery, prolongs the tease. He doesn't let us get a good look at Brando for what seems like an eternity. Bald, elephantine and sluggish, Brando is a hammy, spooked-out bogeyman, with subliminal allusions to German expressionist demons, to Orson Welles masquerading as a twisted, mean old tyrant in the last sections of *Citizen Kane*, and to Sidney Greenstreet's villainy in *The Maltese Falcon*.

When was the last time an actor got this kind of an entrance? As the horrors mount during that trip up the jungle river, we're made to feel as if this is all building the indictment against Kurtz, even though logically that doesn't follow. In the opening scenes we're given the basic setup: Captain Willard (played by Martin Sheen), battle-scarred and

already doing some flipping out of his own at a tacky Vietnamese hotel, is given his fatal mission. The army bosses want Kurtz to be "terminated," but they don't want any official responsibility for giving the orders. Willard has killed a lot of people, but this is different; this time it is an American, an officer. (There's a pause where Coppola invites us to gasp at this irony about American racism.) What is the justification for this highly irregular exercise? The officer giving Willard his command almost loses control as he explains: "He's out there without any decent restraint, beyond



the pale of any decent human conduct." And later we're told he's worse than crazy—he's evil!

Right from the opening shot we're caught up in the poetry of doom. *Apocalypse Now* begins with a hazy shot of a smoky jungle and an upside-down face, while we listen to the rock recitation by Jim Morrison of The Doors. "This is the end my friend..." And then there's the myth-making buildup of Willard's voice-over commen-

tary: "I was going to the worst place in the world....If his story is a confession, so is mine..." and so forth. The commentaries were written by Michael Herr, author of the acclaimed Vietnam expose *Dispatches*. But they often have the air of Humphrey Bogart striking a tough-guy Dash Hammett pose. And that goes for the jokes about the suspension of civilized rules: "Charging a man with murder in this place was like giving a speeding ticket at the Indianapolis 500."

Apocalypse Now is a movie weighed down by expectations, by the excess baggage of the significance and prestige that Coppola means it to bear, by the blockbuster mentality its \$31-million price tag imposes, and by the high-toned references. (Joseph Conrad, Marlon Brando and Michael Herr combined weren't enough to make Coppola feel secure; he had to toss in quotations from T.S. Eliot, too.) The picture all too nakedly aspires to greatness, and you get worn out with its ambition breathing down your neck. This movie's affectations practically beg to be parodied. Yet no one seriously interested in movies would dream of missing it, and there are passages that *do* achieve greatness. Shooting in the Philippines with the gifted Italian cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, Coppola has caught the messiness and the absurdity of warfare in the jungles of Asia in a way that will remain definitive.

The trip up the river into the wilds is in the spirit of the great American adventures, and it carries echoes of everything from *Huckleberry Finn* to *Deliverance*. But there's no glory and there's no sense of escaping to a new frontier. The crew of the navy patrol boat become components on a ship of fools, and they are all well played—by Sam Bottoms, Frederic Forrest, Larry Fishburne and Albert Hall.

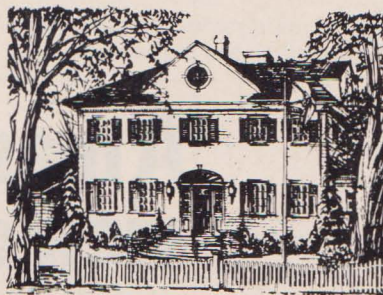
Coppola doesn't go for a gradual escalation of violence; he shows us the violence early, with an unforgettable sequence depicting the bombing of a primitive village by American planes. What you remember is the sense of helplessness, brown-skinned peasants, unable even to make themselves understood to the attackers, scurrying for survival. And you remember Robert Duvall, as the yahoo commando who leads the air raid with such relish because as he explains, "I love the smell of napalm in the morning...the smell of gasoline smells like victory."

Apocalypse Now has a wealth of brilliant fragments: *Playboy* bunnies descending from the sky to entertain the boys from home; a member of the fated crew water-skiing to the accompaniment of The Rolling Stones; an exchange of hostilities that turns into a rainbow fireworks display; the ghostly masses of Kurtz's slaves that make one think of the Vietnamese boat people.

But finally it must stand or fall on that final sequence in the kingdom of the madman, and that turns out to be a potpourri of fancy tricks and comic book effects. The decor is a mélange of *Grand Guignol* and banana-republic beach party. The centrepiece is a sculpture made out of natives who have been executed and then arranged as if by a possessed decorator creating a human chandelier. "Sometimes he goes too far," remarks Dennis Hopper, playing a demented photo-journalist (Kurtz's front-man) who looks and behaves like a speed-freak refugee from Woodstock. (Or is this just Dennis Hopper being Dennis Hopper? Anyway, it's one of the most entertaining performances in the whole movie, but I doubt whether entertainment was what Coppola was aiming for at this point).

The symbolic weight of Kurtz is clear enough. His madness and his evil can't be externalized because Willard recognizes something of himself in Kurtz, and of course we are supposed to see this as a summing up of all the madness and evil we have encountered on the journey up the river—as the epitome, in other words, of U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. But the point about the delusions of conquerors and colonizers was better made in *The Man Who Would Be King*, John Huston's movie version of the Rudyard Kipling yarn, and Huston's movie was a lot less self-important and a lot more fun.

Brando certainly holds the screen, but maybe it's time he went back to the honest work of a full-scale leading performance. When Kurtz contemptuously tells Willard, "You're an errand boy sent by grocery clerks to collect the bill," there's a level of irony that couldn't have been meant, because Martin Sheen's performance is strictly of the grocery-clerk level (sensitive and workmanlike but without star impact) and the weight of the movie descends on Brando. By now Brando's million-dollar cameo roles (such as the one in *Superman*) are beginning to seem more like circus routines than acting. Here he is the crowning layer of hokum in a movie already overburdened with it. Evidently Coppola wasn't kidding when he said he was out in the jungle without an ending for his movie. In truth, *Apocalypse Now* is not nearly as good a yarn as the story of how they made the movie. The irony, the irony. ☒



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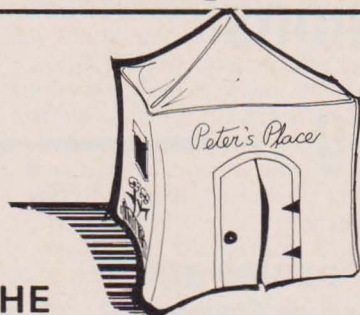
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Books

A master technician's view of Atlantic Canada

The pictures are nice. But we've seen them before

Sherman Hines, Atlantic Canada, Clarke Irwin, \$24.95

Some critics say Vivaldi didn't really write 600 concertos but, instead, wrote the same concerto 600 times. Halifax photographer Sherman Hines is on his way to earning the same dubious reputation with only his third book of photographs. It's not that Hines isn't accomplished. He's a master technician and energetic enough to rise before dawn's early light to capture "frozen drops of water hanging from a small branch over a running brook." His adept use of filters enables him to point his cameras directly at the setting sun and come up with colors that make even the most avid of amateurs rosy with envy.

No, the real trouble with Hines' latest book, *Atlantic Canada*, is that we've seen it all before, particularly in his *Nova Scotia*, published in 1975. Although he has added scenes from New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, the sense of *déjà vu* is nevertheless overpowering. This doesn't mean you shouldn't send *Atlantic Canada* as a Christmas gift to your aunt in Toronto; just make sure you didn't send her an earlier Hines book.

It may once have been high photographic art to take closeups of a seamed, stubble-bearded fisherman's face—a face which inevitably "tells of years of exposure to the elements." Once perhaps, but now it's a cliché. And *Bluenose II* and *Peggy's Cove* and *Grand Pré* should be left to the postcard trade. Somewhere amidst the weathered shingles and dancing buttercups, one longs for spontaneity, whimsy, a flash of humor, a child's laughter, an indication of urban

urgency. "A boy from the Labrador village of Hopedale" is an excellent photo, and that's all. The olive skin and the youthful, Muhammad Ali-like features indicate the boy is Inuit or Indian, or both. Hines tells us nothing more about him, not even his name or age.

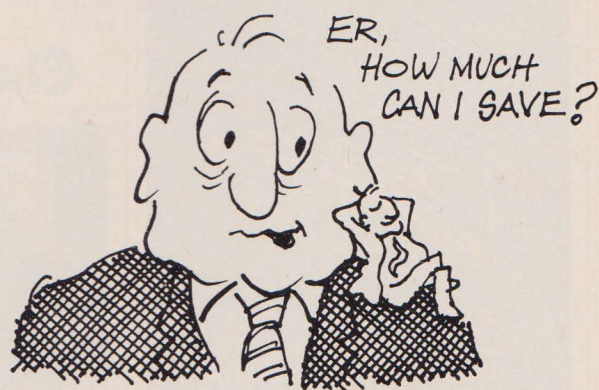
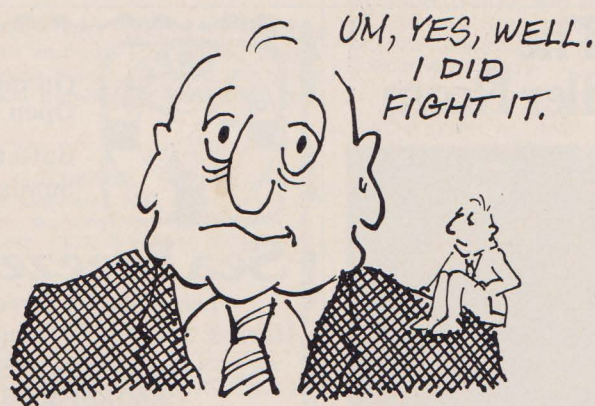
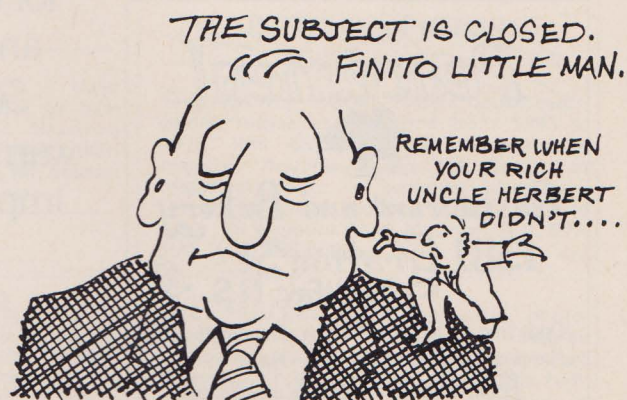
Hines tells us little about his other photos, either. Harry Bruce contributed a fine foreword, and it's a pity Bruce didn't write the photo captions, too. They are either obvious ("sunlight on the water creates a graphic design") or hackneyed; flowers are a "carpet" and clouds are "billowy." The captions deserve the same care and talent as the photos. They didn't get them. The book is beautifully printed by Sampson Matthews Ltd. and the color separations by Graphic-Litho Plate Inc. are stunning. At \$24.95, *Atlantic Canada* will make a nice Christmas gift, but Hines shouldn't try to return to the Yuletide well again until he's refreshed his wares. He's no Vivaldi.

— Harry Flemming



Are close-ups of stubble-bearded faces really high art?

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Book Excerpt

Heroes of St. Lawrence

Newfoundland miners went down to the sea to rescue broken men off a broken ship. It happened 37 years ago

By Cassie Brown

A disaster began before dawn, Feb. 18, 1942, near St. Lawrence, Nfld. Lost in a blizzard, three American warships steamed headlong into massive, ice-coated cliffs. They were the destroyers Wilkes and Truxtun, and the supply ship Pollux. The Wilkes got free. Heavy seas battered the Truxtun and Pollux to bits. The shore was tantalizingly close, but the paralyzing cold of the sea water, the force with which it smashed the rocks, and the choking fumes and murderous weight of the leaked fuel oil that blanketed its surface killed dozens of men in full view of their horrified comrades. Some made it to shore, only to find the land as deadly as the sea. Many died there of exposure and, all told, the calamity killed 203 young American sailors.

Now, Newfoundlander Cassie Brown (author of *Death on the Ice*) has documented the whole grisly story in a remarkable 408-page book that Doubleday Canada is publishing in October. It's called *Standing into Danger*, it has 82 photos, and it costs \$14.95.

Among the heroes of that fatal morning, none were more heroic than the people of St. Lawrence, which had once been a fishing village and was now a centre for fluorspar mining. In the following excerpt from *Standing into Danger*, the Truxtun has been aground for four hours, many sailors have already drowned, and the miners of St. Lawrence do what they can for the rest.

....The mine had just started its early-morning shift, and Albert Grimes, the pump man, was busy checking the

From the book *Standing into Danger* by Cassie Brown. Copyright 1979 by Cassie Brown. To be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

pumps that kept the mine dry. His boss, Rupert Turpin, the mechanical supervisor, was checking the overall mechanical operation. René Slaney, the mine captain, was in his office. By chance, Louis M. Etchegary, the mill superinten-



Young U.S. officers, before Truxtun's last voyage

dent, was at the mine this morning, and outside, Mike Turpin, Sylvester Edwards and Tom Beck were loading a couple of trucks with fluorspar to transport it to the mill.

It was Mike Turpin who saw the figure of a man stumbling toward them, obviously in an exhausted state. It was such an abnormal sight that the three men ran to meet him. The man was covered with a thick coating of congealed oil. "Can you help me?" he gasped.

"Yes, my son. Where do you come from?" Mike asked. He was a tall, well-set man who liked to keep his hand in fishing now and again.

The oily figure was Edward Berger-

on, 18, seaman second class. He pointed along the coast. "I've come from a warship; she's on the rocks in a cove under cliffs. There's over 100 men on board, and they need help." He added, "I came up over the cliff."

They knew that had to be Chambers Cove, and God help any ship trapped there when the wind was from the south and west, as it was today. Those who still fished gave the Chambers Cove area a wide berth on such days.

They helped the young man to the mine house, a large building with a big iron stove and a couple of rooms with tables where the miners ate their lunches and took their breaks. In a matter of minutes Louis Etchegary, René Slaney, Rupert Turpin and Albert Grimes gathered around the young man, who repeated his story. They knew there would be no rescue from the sea—not with the wind and waves coming around straight into the cove—and by the look of the young sailor, rescue was a matter of urgency. Mike, Syl and Tom took off immediately for the cove. Turpin carried a line.

"Get all the ropes you can find," the supervisor told Grimes.

"We'll need men," Slaney said.

"Get a few of them up out of the mine," Etchegary advised, "and phone Howard Farrell; he'll take it from there. I'll go on over to Chambers Cove." He had already looped a rope around his shoulder and was going out the door.

Slaney told Rupert

Turpin, "Spread the word. Call Howard and tell everyone to get horses and sleds and get to Chambers Cove as quickly as possible. We'll go on to the cove and see if we can help."

Actually, no man there had the authority to take men out of the mines. Any interruption in the mining process could impair production of a commodity needed in the making of steel, so necessary for the war effort; but in such an emergency the Newfoundland men made their own decisions. They had learned, after generations of coping with the treacherous sea, that their only defence was caution, and a united front when peril threatened. In the circum-

stances, the mine was secondary.

As the preparations got under way, young Bergeron quietly left the building and was heading back to Chambers Cove, following in the tracks of Mike, Syl and Tom, who were cutting across the hills in a direct line toward the cove. There was no road. Years before, a couple of families had braved the keen winds and the fogs to try to farm the gentler slopes along the coast, but only traces were left of those hardy souls who had given up the unequal struggle to accept the security offered by the mining company and the convenience of community living.

It was rough travelling through the brush and small trees, but the distance to the cove was considerably less. In little more than a half-hour they reached the ravine and the hayshed. Mike counted four men, black with fuel, huddled under a coating of hay. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"We're all right," one answered, "but there are others on the beach and on the ship."

The three men hurried up the hill and stood on the clifftop. Wind, spray, and sleet drove at them so fiercely they had to shield their eyes against it. To a man who had been born and brought up close to the sea, the *Truxtun* was a heart-wrenching sight. Sleek, gleaming, her big guns ready for action, she looked beautiful but pitiful as she lay at a 45-degree angle between the two rocks with the seas exploding over her. At least 100 men were clinging to the safety lines on her port side. White water cascaded into the cove, breaking upon the edge of the oil slick that extended 30 feet from the shore. Wreckage and life rafts heaved and tossed in the oil strung from the ship, and sailors were clinging to the flotsam.

As the wreckage overturned, or was torn from their grasp, the sea swept them toward the cliff.

Where Bergeron... had come up, there was a light handline looped around a knob of ice. Mike picked it up. He would not trust it to hold around the ice. "You stay here, Tom, and hold onto the rope. Syl and I will go down to the beach," he told Tom Beck.

Tom stationed himself on the incline, well back from the cliff's edge, and grasped the rope while Mike eased down the slippery cliff to the beach below, making use of the holes chopped in the ice by Bergeron. He could not help but marvel at the daring and endurance of the young sailor who had hacked his way to the top. Syl Edwards followed. There were a few men in the water close to the beach and Mike waded out to his hips, threw them a line and hauled them in. Minutes later, Louis Etchegary came to the clifftop, and he, too, worked his way down the cliff while Tom Beck held the line.

Ensign Frederick Loughridge and his bedraggled, frozen men, crammed into the recess at the far end of the beach, were overjoyed at seeing the Newfoundland men. "Thank God!" Loughridge said fervently.

"Help is coming," Louis Etchegary told him, "more men and ropes, and horses and sleds."

"The captain will be happy to know that," Loughridge said, and ordered Signalman Parkerson to signal the *Truxtun* that help was on the way.

Word of the disaster spread very quickly. Theo Etchegary, the strapping 28-year-old chemist at the mill (and son of Louis, the mill superintendent) received the news in a phone call from an excited Rupert Turpin, and spread the news to the merchants in the

community; then he commandeered a truck driven by young Alan Farrell, whose helper was Theo's 16-year-old brother Gus, and the three took off for the Iron Springs Mine. The merchants took it from there, alerting the townspeople.

At the mine, Theo paused long enough to collect a stout rope, but Gus and Alan, impatient to see the action, took off like a couple of deer. A young fellow, Charlie Brinston, followed Theo as he set out across the hills, but he was quickly left behind.

Captain Tom Connors of the *SS Kyle* put to sea and steamed along the coast to Chambers Cove in an attempt to effect rescue from the sea.

Halfway to Chambers Cove, Theo met René Slaney and Rupert Turpin, with a couple of blackened, oil-soaked survivors they had met wandering across the hills. Harry Egner and Lanier Phillips had emphasized the gravity of the situation, and Slaney and Turpin were going back to the mine to get more men.

"I'll go on," Theo said, and presently he came upon the oil-smeared shed in the ravine and, hearing voices, he poked his head inside. "Don't stay here and freeze; walk to the mine. It's not far," he told the shivering sailors. "There'll be food and clothes for you when you get there."

The sailors made no move to leave. "There's nothing you can do here, and there's plenty of help coming for your friends," Theo said. "It's better for you to start walking; at least it'll keep you warm."

The men got stiffly to their feet, stumbled out of the shed and moved clumsily up the side of the ravine. "It's not far," Theo called, then he climbed the hill to where the lone figure of Tom Beck was keeping vigil.

It was difficult to look into the teeth of the wind laden with sleet, spray and splatterings of oil, but Theo's eyes were drawn to the huge warship heeled over on the rocks, the seas smothering her, the men clinging to her port railing. Straight out, along the coast a mile or more he saw another ship [The *USS Wilkes*] standing off. He did not question in his mind what a ship was doing there, but he knew it would be of no assistance to the one trapped below.

In the heaving water between the ship and shore, a few sailors, like tiny black bubbles in the gummy oil, were trying to cling to a couple of rafts or wreckage, but the waves swept everything from their grasp. One man tried to crawl aboard a raft but it tipped and slid away. He disappeared for a long moment, then popped up and made another try. It was a painful sight to watch, and Theo, wasting no more time,



Ena Farrell Edwards photographed her neighbors hauling living and dead up cliff

Book Excerpt



St. Lawrence buried more than 100 sailors

took his coil of rope, passed it to Tom Beck to hold onto, and prepared to lower himself over the edge.

Beck, shouting above the uproar, told him, "Your dad and Gus are down on the beach."

"All right," Theo called back. By the time he had worked his way down the cliff, more sailors had made their way to the shore, had been hauled upon the beach, and were being forced to their feet to keep moving. All of them were exhausted from cold and exposure. Theo put his jacket around a scantily clad youngster. One sailor had lost his shoes and socks and one of the Newfoundland men removed his own warm woolly socks, put his rubber boots back on his bare feet, then knelt and put his socks on the feet of the young man.

The combined noise of the wind roaring into the cove and the seas hammering the cliffs was overwhelming, and the tide would shortly be at its peak, leaving only a strip of five or six feet of beach for them to work from.

Ensign Loughridge explained the abortive attempt to get the life rafts and the lifeline back to the ship, and Theo, Sylvester and Mike immediately began a search of the shore for the line, while Louis Etchegary ordered young Gus to gather fuel for a fire. The wet, frozen men were reeling from exhaustion, and Loughridge had to speak sharply to them to keep them on the move.

Gus scrounged around the rocks and crevices, picking up pieces of driftwood and wreckage that had been thrown up on the beach, including an oil-soaked life jacket. After a great deal of difficulty, a smoky fire was lit, and although it gave little heat, it perked the men up and they shuffled over to it. All except one, a youth, very little older

than Gus, who lay on the shingle.

"Get him moving, Gus," Louis Etchegary ordered his son. Like the other Newfoundlanders he was busy dragging around a survivor himself. Gus went to the young man, knelt, and put his arm around him. "Come on," he encouraged, and carted him to the fire. Round and round they walked. "What's your name?" Gus asked.

"Butterworth. Bill Butterworth," the youth mumbled, his body shaking with weakness and cold.

It struck Gus that this was no mere adventure; this was stark truth, life and death, and total involvement in it. Heedless of the wind and sleet on his own body, Gus took off the old jacket with a sheepskin lining that he was wearing and put it around Butterworth. "It'll keep you warm," he said. Presently he had to leave the youth to search the shoreline for more firewood.

By now more men had arrived from the mine and worked their way down the cliff to the beach, making it very crowded. Among them were Abe Pike, Leo Loder, Henry Lambert, Dave Edwards, George Carr, Fred Walsh, Neil Tarrant, Charlie Pike, Arch Pike, Alfred Turpin, Phil Edwards, and Gregory Edwards (who would later write a song about the shipwreck). Dozens of other men were gathering on the top of the cliff, ready to give a hand in any way they could.

Theo and his two companions had slogged through the muck along the shore, but found no line. They could see the fouled life rafts about 50 feet off from the beach, but closer, at the edge of the oil slick, was the raft the men had been trying to climb onto. It was still in the same position, twisting and turning, appearing and disappearing as oily waves engulfed it.

Theo yelled above the din: "If that raft's got a rope attached to the ship, we might be able to free it and then we'll have a contact with the ship. Do you think we can haul it back to the beach?" If they could possibly get a line from ship to shore, there need not be any further loss of life; no need for those desperate men to try to swim that treacherous stretch of water.

Sylvester Edwards was a fearless man. "We can try, if you like."

The waves in which the raft was bouncing were running four and five feet and it would not be easy to control. Theo and Sylvester tied ropes around their waists and, as their companions held the other end, began to wade out to it. The scum of oil was about a foot deep and so tough they could barely get through it. The frigid water burned as it crept up their legs, thighs and bodies, then mercifully numbed them. The bottom of the cove, farther out, was rocky and rough, and they felt their way carefully, Theo ignoring the alarmed shouts of his father. Soon the waves were rolling over their shoulders, but they reached the raft, only to find it firmly snagged to the bottom. They tugged at it, trying to drag it toward the shore, but it bounced and dipped, and stayed where it was. Because of the thickness of the oil, they dared not explore beneath the raft, and... they had to return to the beach without it.

They continued to range back and forth along the shoreline, searching for the lifeline which, they reasoned, could be snagged on rocks closer to the shore. At the same time they kept a close watch on the *Truxtun*, waiting for her men to make the first move. They could do nothing until then. A feeling of helplessness and inadequacy swept over them.



Four lucky survivors pose for Ena Farrell Edwards on day after disaster

Theo made his way out onto a ledge on the base of the pink cliff and saw the SS Kyle backing cautiously to within 500 yards of the entrance to the cove, but the seas were huge and the ship could go no farther. It was foreboding. If Captain Connors couldn't help it was certain that no other ship could. Wisely, Connors steamed back to St. Lawrence harbor, where he ordered his crew to gather ropes, axes, and ships' blankets and get overland to Chambers Cove.

Gus went to find more firewood and when he returned he discovered young Butterworth lying dead on the beach. "You may as well put on your jacket, Gus," one man advised. "He dropped a little while ago."

Gus did not know Butterworth, and their brief association did not warrant any personal feeling, but he had felt a kinship with the young man and in a rush of emotion he wept as he tended the fire. As cold as he was, he could not bring himself to take his jacket from the young sailor...not yet.

There was enough manpower on the top now to start bringing the survivors up the cliff. They were in no condition to work their way up by themselves, not even with ropes strapped around them, but that problem was not difficult to solve. The ice would permit them to be more or less slid up the cliff. A rope strap was hitched under the arms of the first man, and with seven or eight men hauling on the line, the limp form was eased over the glistening surface without any apparent difficulty. Yet there were protuberances on the cliff face, and he was bruised and bleeding when he came over the top. He was immediately taken to the shed in the ravine to await the arrival of a horse and sled to take him to Iron Springs. The second man was also battered by the time he reached the top. Someone went down the rope to tell them what was happening, and there was a consultation.

There was only one other possibility, and that was on the other side of the craggy little cliff jutting out into the sea. The miners were familiar with the ravine there; they would have to use it to carry the survivors to the top. It meant literally carrying the men over the smaller cliff as well.

"Let's get 'em up," Abe Pike said to Mike Turpin.

Aided by George Carr, they began their backbreaking task. With the survivors on their shoulders they made their way over the small cliff into the next cove; then they strapped a rope around themselves and the sailors and, digging their toes in on either side of the narrow ravine, they inched their way up. It was easy on the survivors—but killing work for the rescuers.



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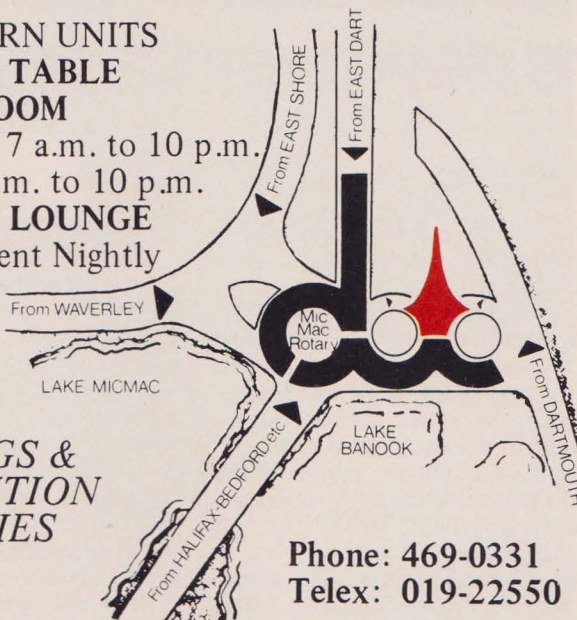
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The new blue-eyed Arabs are Newfoundlanders

But why don't they "sheik it up"?

Have you heard about the non-Newfoundlander who came to grips with the energy crisis by designing himself a unique solar-heated house? He plans to build it directly on top of the North Pole so the windows on all four sides face south. Here in Newfoundland, now that we've struck gas and oil, we can afford to snicker at what mainlanders regard as a serious subject. Even now, as the evenings draw in, we remain nonchalant about the "crisis" yet not, I hope, smug.

That old endearing humility is still there. No fleets of Cadillacs, no offers from us to purchase Windsor Castle. Puzzled mainlanders wonder why we don't sheik it up a bit. For instance, the other day as I was seated in a Water Street public house idly leafing through my Koran, a woebegone commercial traveller from across the Gulf slumped into the seat beside me. He dealt, as it turned out, in the export of falcons from British Columbia. As soon as he heard about our good fortune he told Prince Faisal to hold the phone and hiked himself along to St. John's. But in a single morning he'd been chucked out of three cabinet ministers' offices and his brace of Mussulman budgies pitched after him.

"What sort of freshly oil-crazed people are you" he moaned. "In Muscat and Oman there's not a door that isn't open to me."

"I'll try to explain, old man," I said, as I ordered up a double for the poor beggar. "The gist of it is that being power-rich is old hat to us. We've been there before."

The first time you strike the energy jackpot (I continued), you're apt to be gauche. Take Albertans. Unlike us, they've had no prior experience in holding the upper energy hand and it's inflated their Stetsons. Albertans, supposing the last light on Bay Street flickered out, wouldn't ship those poor Ontarians down so much as a box-car load of buffalo chips. That's not us. Even the first time we struck the mother lode we were generous to a fault. Chummy's ears perked up, and to underline my point I ordered a couple of pickled pig's knucks

for his birds.

Churchill Falls ring a bell? I said. There you go then. Did you know that at one time we had our hooks on enough electricity to...well, if it was all wired into New Brunswick they'd be digging baked potatoes. We were tempted, it is true. We were beguiled by the prospect of three squares a day and less than 20% unemployment. But when it came right down to a choice between that sort of godless hedonism and being scared to touch a hydro pole on a wet day we chose the sterner path.

That old seductress, Wealth, should never have expected to get a purchase on a plain and simple folk like Newfoundlanders. There's more to life, isn't there, old man, than being able to ship Prince Philip off a fresh load of polo ponies every time the last batch gets sweaty or to engage Roloff Beny to take snaps of your porphyry pissoir? Of course, it wasn't all that simple. Once the word about Churchill Falls got out we couldn't leave it to simply tinkle over the rocks. By and by, the place would have been crawling with Rothschilds and du Ponts trying to force their filthy lucre on us.

Besides which, Premier Smallwood's birthday was coming up soon and so we decided to kill two birds with one stone...as per your two bloody Persian parrots there, old man, if you don't unlatch them from my shins. We pressed ahead and dammed the dratted Churchill. This removed those pesky developers from our backs and it also created a reservoir which we named—in plenty of time for his birthday—Smallwood Lake.

Our Ayatollah Cockamamie was then able to rise in the House of Assembly and report that Smallwood Lake was "seven times larger, Mr. Speaker, than the Sea of Galilee!" It was well worth it. We can now smile indulgently and hold up our heads when we hear Albertans boast that High River has five times more indoor plumbing than the Little Town of Bethlehem. That's the sort of feeling that can never be measured in megawatts or computed in white she-camels.

We were nearly out of the woods. One small detail remained. Here was

Churchill Falls harnessed to create Smallwood Lake and the whole concern heaving off vast whacks of juice but nowhere to put it. We certainly didn't want the stuff ourselves. There's precious little advantage in having your toast pop twice as high. No problem at all to one who could now look down his nose at, if not perambulate on, the Sea of Galilee. Pass the juice over to Quebec! That way we got to keep the new lake without being encumbered by all those silly sparks.

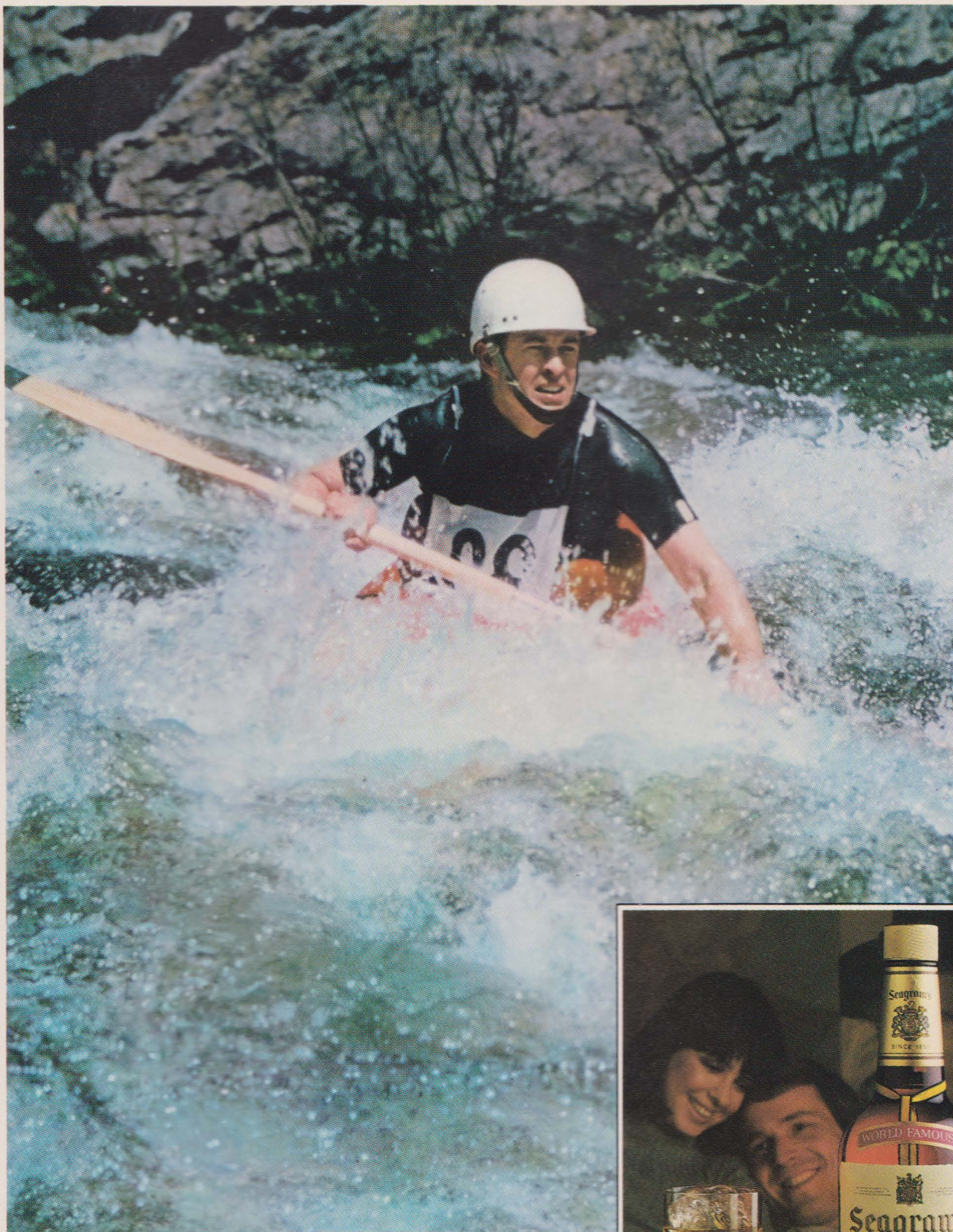
In the true spirit of Confederation, Quebec took Churchill Falls hydro off our hands. Some mainlanders, with their peculiar mercenary ethos, claim the gift should have taken the sting out of the Plains of Abraham. But Smallwood continues to lecture the rest of us on the necessity of being kinder to Quebec. So there you are, old son (I said to the falcon retailer), there's Newfoundlanders for you when it comes to panache and the *beau geste* when faced with the threat of prosperity.

He said it did him worlds of good to have the Newfoundland psyche explained to him and thus to know that he really hadn't become the Willie Loman of the falcon-hawking world. There was actually a tear in his eye as he told me he'd never met a people with such a noble determination to remain poverty-stricken yet traditionally hospitable.

This touched me so much I offered him a half-dozen clapped-out hamsters I had kicking around the house as a special treat for his birdies. Hamsters don't last long when they're on the exercise wheel half the night keeping your bedside light aglimmer. ☒

New victims for Newfie jokes

Newfie jokes aren't always Newfie jokes. Sometimes they're P.E.I. jokes. A Newfoundland publication printed a story about an Islander who noticed a Newfoundlander hammering on an out-house and asked him what he was doing. "Putting shingles on my apartment building," the Newfoundlander said. "Good," said the Islander, "I'll take the basement apartment."



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